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MILDRED RUSSELL'S LETTERS.

MILDRED RUSSELL'S

LETTERS.

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Preface.

I was induced to reprint these Letters with the hope that they might give as much pleasure to new readers as they did to those who read them on their first appearance.

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Mildred Russell's Letters.

FALLS OF THE RHINE TO STUTTGART.

September, 1884.

HOW glad we were to get to the Schweizerhof—Falls of the Rhine—on the 6th of September, tired out as we were with travelling! Just after we arrived, and as we were regretting that it was too dark to see the far-famed Falls, a rocket suddenly shot up, and then another, and then the Falls were all aglow with colored light.

Costumes.

We are charmed with our hotel. It stands high up, and we have breakfast with eyes turned to the view we have come to see. We are waited on by girls in the picturesque dress of their canton—black skirts, with pipings of scarlet, velvet bodices trimmed with silver ornaments, chains and white lace, long white sleeves, and chemisettes—good-tempered girls, and quiet, as all the Swiss are.

An extraordinary Englishman is here. I saw some Germans looking at him with the same sort of curiosity with which we look at a Swiss costume new to us.

He wears dazzling white linen, a hat of the same material and color, a black velvet coat, a scarlet tie, light grey trousers, pale yellow waistcoat, and cricket shoes of tan-colored leather. I am confident some foreigners not conversant with the vagaries of English dress think him one of the

manifold attractions of the Schweizerhof. He is a handsome, broad-shouldered man, and very popular with many of the guests of the hotel. All sorts of people come to the Schweizerhof. One morning about seventy boys, ranging from fourteen to eighteen years of age, came and took luncheon, and sang some charming part songs, but with less feeling than the Germans usually sing. A dozen young military officers came one evening, and went home singing their songs early next morning, which some people did not like.

As a rule, the Swiss are obliging and very quiet. You never hear peals of laughter here, as you do in France and Germany.

Schaffhausen, a mile and a half from the Falls, is said to be less changed than any other Swabian town, and it still has houses with curious frescoes painted on the outside, which, though recently touched up, date back four hundred years.

Pilgrims.

I was quite fortunate in seeing a detachment of pilgrims on their return from visiting the shrine of Einsiedeln, famous for more than a thousand years. About three hundred men and women were taking leave of two hundred other men and women who had come to a branching-off point. Such gay, bright colors and variety of dress! Women with huge bows of broad black ribbon on their heads; women with high hats; women with flaps of black lace; others with red handkerchiefs on their heads, with blue ones. yellow ones, purple ones; dresses and aprons of every conceivable color, the latter almost large enough to be dress-skirts; then girls with their hair interplaited with white satin ribbon, and a huge buckle at the back of the head, or with long pins of silver, with broad ends as large as the top of a Spanish comb. The

crowd looked very gay in the sunshine, and were profuse in hand-shakings and leave-takings.

To this bright picture the background was made by the men, who looked wretchedly squalid and miserable; for the poor clothes which were redeemed in the women by bits of color were unrelieved in the men. Their faces seemed to express ignorance and stupidity, and lacked the intelligence which we are accustomed to associate with the appearance of a member of a republic. In spite of this, the scene was so new and attractive that I waited for another set of cars to see it repeated. I talked with some of the people, and they told me they had had a good time, and expected all sorts of blessings as a reward for their pilgrimage, which is now made very easy for them, as the railway goes to Einsiedeln. Most of the pilgrims seemed very much in earnest over the affair, though it is painful to think that numbers of them are paid to undertake the journey by the rich people, who are thus enabled to reap the benefits without trouble, though, as the pay is real and the benefit possibly imaginary, they may in one sense be said to have the best of it.

Stuttgart.

After a six hours' journey, we arrived in Stuttgart by daylight, and had a good view of the peculiarity of its position. It lies deep in a hollow, and is completely encircled with vine-clad hills. The railway comes in, as it were, at the top, and gradually winds down till it reaches the station in the middle of the town. This arrangement is especially adapted for confusing a stranger's ideas as to the situation of one part of the place with respect to another.

Annual Fair at Cannstadt.

About the last week of the dull season has passed away, and the arrival of the court from Frederickshafen, a summer residence

on the borders of Lake Constance, to attend the great fair has brightened the city. Stuttgart is very different from the really solemn looking place it was when we first came here, a week or two ago; and, besides, the military have returned from the manœuvres, which go on diligently every spring and autumn, and are now lending their aid to complete the metamorphosis.

The annual fair, in progress just now, began yesterday, and will continue till Monday night. We went out this morning to Cannstadt, the suburb where it is held, and were delighted with the way the grounds were decorated. The entrances to the race-course were made in the form of Roman triumphal arches, and were covered with thick masses of dark green foliage. On this back-ground string courses were made of all kinds of fruits and vegetables, and coats-of-arms in Indian corn grains. At the corners were sheaves of wheat, and in the middle a high tower rose, so artistically covered with strings of Indian corn, diagonally wound round over a foundation of pale green, with fruits and berries here and there, that the whole looked in the bright sunshine exactly like Majolica. We were just taking our seats, which were, fortunately, nearly opposite the royal stand, where the prizes were to be given away, when the court guests began to arrive, and shortly after the royal carriages came. Each of the seven was drawn either by four white or black horses, and had servants in bright scarlet livery. The Crown Prince Wilhelm's was a four-in-hand; the others had postilions. Last of all, the King and Queen, preceded and followed by equerries and outriders in scarlet, arrived, and were greeted by cheers from the people and "God Save the King" from the band. The equerries were distinguished officers, ablaze with diamonds, orders and medals.

Prizes awarded.

As soon as the King and Queen had taken their places, the prizes were distributed by the Prime Minister, instead of the King, who has weak lungs, and has to be spared too much speaking. First, a succession of horses of all kinds passed by—such beautiful creatures, and well deserving the widespread fame of the Stuttgart royal stables. Then a procession of cows and oxen, sleek, fat, and well-formed, and which might well touch the heart of any agriculturist with envy, and inspire a well-grounded confidence in milk-drinking foreigners. Then the sheep took their turn, not looking very fine to the eye of the uninitiated, but said by experts to have very fine wool. The pigs brought up the rear, and were so fat that they had to be spared the circuit of the race course, round which the other animals defiled, so that all the people might see the prize-winners.

As we went back through the park, we were fortunate enough to see the very pretty sight of the royal procession again. It was really more effective when seen at intervals through the avenues of trees and at unexpected turns than it was on the race-course. The queen was dressed in a light brown velvet dress, with a bonnet to match, and most of her ladies were in light dresses.

In matter of dress, the military officers have an advantage over the ladies, for their uniforms are superb and fit exquisitely. The light blue stands out very noticeably, but must give way in point of richness to the black and yellow Wurtembergers' own. Seen intermingled with the toilettes of the ladies, these uniforms give a brilliancy to a social gathering which is absent from our home entertainments, where our men are sombrely clad.

MILDRED RUSSELL.

FROM STUTTGART TO MUNICH AND VERONA.

VERONA *November* 28, 1884.

Notes by the way.

WE left Stuttgart on Thursday morning on our way to Munich, and at first passed through a dreary-looking country, with the vineyards nearly hidden by snow. After a couple of hours' ride, the snow lay much thicker, the hills became higher and rougher, peaks suitable for mediæval castles appeared and kept up our interest, and helped us to forget how cold it was. The tower of Staufeneck, though only the most unpretentious of ruins, stood threateningly out against the dull grey sky, and further on the rugged remnants of the once strong castle of Scharfeneck, perched on what appeared an inaccessible height, scowled defiance at the dwellers in the valleys below it. The names seemed to have a remarkable likeness to Breakneck, when pronounced in sight of the elevated and dangerous positions occupied by both castles. Soon after this we ascended over three hundred feet in less than three miles to the plateau of the Pranke Alb, where the snow was much thicker than ever, and we discovered it was almost unbearably cold. Even after we descended to the valley of the Danube, it was no warmer, and after passing Ulm, the last town in Bavaria, with its fortifications and fine Gothic cathedral, it grew dark, and there was nothing for us to do but to resign ourselves to being amused with shivering till we reached Munich.

Scenes in Munich.

The Munich people have a much less serious look than any Germans I have come across before. Though the streets are covered with snow, rapidly turning into slush under the warmth of the

midday sun, they go about with an appearance of light-heartedness which seems almost frivolity when one remembers they belong to the Fatherland.

We spent one morning at the Glyptothek, the gallery devoted to sculpture. It has an Ionic façade and handsomely decorated pediment. It is admirably well arranged, for it has a room devoted to each era in succession, beginning with the Assyrian, and coming down to modern days. In the last room is a statue of "Paris," by Canova, beautiful in the extreme; a "Vesta," by Tenerani, in pose and expression as of one pondering on heaven-taught mysteries; and a "Muse and Cupid," by Eberhard, conveying exquisitely the idea of a young mother listening to her whispering child.

Scenes along the route.

Our route from Munich to Verona lay through the Tyrol and over the Brenner, the lowest of the passes through the principal chain of the Alps. It is also one of the oldest, and was used even as far back as the time of the Romans. The steepest part is from Innspruck to the top. The windings of the railway gave us ample opportunity to see some beautiful scenery and a sight of the mountains under a different aspect to that they had in the summer.

Icicles yards long, frozen waterfalls, trees crisp with glittering ice, all the mountains covered with snow, and everything frozen hard, now surrounded us, and accompanied us into sunny Italy, the land of poetry and romance.

On both sides of the railway there are precipitous cliffs, wild rocky gorges, a few towns of note, but rarely valleys of any size. Botzen owes its fortunate situation to a striking cluster of mountains rising on one side, and a long stretched-out ridge on the other. The neighborhood is a favorite resort in summer, and Gries, a village close

by, is being highly recommended as a suitable winter residence for invalids.

Royal Guests. The Imperial Princess of Germany and her daughters spent the late autumn at Gries, and while there these art-loving and accomplished ladies devoted much of their time to making sketching excursions and taking portraits in the studio of the artists Defregger.

The next important town is Trent, where the celebrated council was held in 1545–'53. After leaving this town, the country becomes less romantic and more fertile as we enter the valley of the Adige, and the part of the country where Dante resided when first banished from Florence. The custom-house is at Ala, the last Austrian town. Luckily, the authorities gave us very little trouble, and in a short time we were at Verona.

Our hotel is built on the open-air principle, and must be delightful in summer. At present it is rather cold. The corridors we have to traverse to enter our rooms are unenclosed and of some extent. They lead round a central court, in the middle of which a fountain plays languidly, I must confess, but with force enough to be thoroughly out of harmony with the temperature. How it keeps from freezing I cannot imagine.

Verona. Verona is strongly fortified, and is a peculiarly built place, with Italian characteristics all thoroughly marked: most of the houses are very high, and the streets are so narrow that in walking or driving it is often bitterly cold in them, but on turning into a square where the sun shines, the emerging shivering creatures are temporarily warmed up. The proper way of wearing a cloak is soon discovered at Verona. It is worn double-breasted, one end being thrown over the shoulder, cover-

ing up the mouth and nose *en route*, to keep out the piercing air which comes sweeping down from the Alps. To wear a cloak with Italian grace, however, may not be the most easily learned of accomplishments. The men stand in the most picturesque of attitudes, and at the same time in perfect unconsciousness, looking just as if they were actors posing on the stage, and this, added to the quaint Verona background, tells us we are in a country hitherto unknown to us. Many of the women go about having as a wrap merely black lace lightly and daintily thrown over the head, to protect them from the cold; others wear shawls, and so keep themselves warm much after the same fashion as the men do with their tabarros or cloaks. Except on well-dressed ladies, bonnets or hats are seldom seen.

Styles of Dress.

Our two days in Verona we gave up to sight-seeing, and among other parts we visited Juliet's house, and made a pilgrimage to her empty tomb—empty, except for innumerable visiting-cards left in it by enthusiastic or sentimental people. I suppose no one could come to Verona and resist visiting this spot, yet so very much imagination is needed to call up a feeling of romance in the presence of such barren surroundings that prosaic people had better omit it.

Juliet's Tomb.

We all thought the amphitheatre gave us a better idea of Roman solidity than we had ever had before. It is a massive structure, one hundred and sixty-eight yards long and one hundred and thirty-four wide, capable of seating two thousand people, and originally had standing-room for as many more. It is not absolutely perfect, but sufficiently so for use, placards being up announcing a pyrotechnic display next week. It has been repaired several times, and though bereft of its

Architecture.

ornaments and outer rim, it seems as if it might last another thousand years and lend itself to the amusements which may happen to be in fashion then.

Market Place. The market people of Verona have an excellent way of protecting themselves fron sun, rain and wind, without the inconvenience of booths, etc. They have white umbrellas, from sixteen to eighteen feet in diameter, with the sticks fastened tightly in the ground, and under these they sell everything, from roasted chestnuts to ready-made clothes. Old palaces, still grand in outline, new buildings vieing in architectural interest with the old, a fountain that has played for ages, and a tribune with a canopy of stone, join the umbrellas in making an unique scene. MILDRED RUSSELL.

VENICE, QUEEN OF BEAUTY.

VENICE, *December* 8, 1884.

THE railway station is at one end of the Grand Canal; so, after we had stepped into the gondola sent to meet us, we had the satisfaction of going the whole length to our hotel at the other end. And this is the Venice of our dreams! A close succession of high buildings, dreadfully out of repair, patchy-looking, dilapidated, and almost as if just from the hands of an invading army!' We pass under the Rialto, which is as dingy as can be. We gape at Desdemona's house, and cannot make up our minds that Vittorio, our gondolier, polite, affable, fluent, is telling us the truth. We feel he must be taking us up a back street and cramming us poor gullible, all-recipient foreigners. The Queen of the Adriatic is nothing but a worn-out

old hag after all! Such thoughts crowd our minds as the gondola glides along with a dreamy sort of movement, and Vittorio purls out his remarks on this or that antiquated palace in softly-flowing French.

Change of opinion.

We have been here a week now, and have entirely changed our opinions. No Republican who has happily seen the error of his ways and voted the straight Democratic ticket is half so thoroughly reconstructed on fundamental issues as we are. We ignore all we thought about dilapidated palaces and old hags, and own that our eyes, accustomed to fresh paint, newness, and French polish of all kinds, failed to grasp the beauty beside us. Venice is Queen of Beauty still! No ephemeral prettiness, but rather magnificent, gorgeous, gift-bestowing, as to thought and idea. See her in her jewels on a sunny day! Her rippling, sheeny waters must surely have taught her people how to make their glass, such varied form and colors do they take—huge turquoises set in sheets of silver, fit only for her or fabled goddesses; such streamers of red and gold and green, looped up with strings of liquid pearls, and all of her own element.

Squares

There is a wonderful fascination in walking about Venice, and an easiness in going wrong peculiar to all fascinating things. The narrow streets are a mazy wilderness on first acquaintance. Nothing ever surprised me more than the number of squares and open places in Venice. The largest, St. Mark's, is rather longer than wide. The west façade of the cathedral is at one end. Its five circular arches, one mass of brilliant glass mosaics on gold backgrounds; its innumerable columns, each having a different capital and a profusion of sculpture and ornamentation, help to give it the magnifi-

cence associated with the idea of the East. In this large Byzantine edifice every inch is a work of art. The floor is marble mosaic; the arches and domes are covered with gold, relieved with pictures. Prophets, apostles, saints, are sculptured in every material. Over the high altar a canopy of green marble is supported by columns carved in brown marble, and behind the altar is a row of columns, one of which is said to have been brought from the temple of Jerusalem. An afternoon inside of St. Mark's Cathedral brings variety of scene enough to furnish themes for volumes. Half a dozen artists, among them Barrett, a *protégé* of Ruskin's, painting different views; strangers conducted through by guides speaking a jargon of many languages; men and women coming in to say a short prayer at this altar or at that; others who come in to rest or lounge.

Funeral. In addition to this a funeral; its official attendants wore loose scarlet robes tightened at the waist, and with a pointed hood hanging down the back. The coffin, evidently containing the body of a young man of the working classes, was draped with red, and carried on a stretcher by two of the red-robed attendants. It was placed on a bier at a side entrance. Four other attendants held lighted candles in tall gilt candelabra; another bore a crucifix, and several young men, friends of the deceased from their appearance, stood round, tapers in hand. Meanwhile the procession of priests came to the altar, and chanted the sonorous prayers for the dead. As they proceeded, the candelabra were extinguished; a priest and acolyte came and led the way; the bearers took up the stretcher; the other red attendants and the friends followed as far as the canal. The coffin was placed in a gondola, accompanied by two men. The

acolyte put out his taper; the friends one by one did the same; and as the gondola moved away, the officials took off their red robes and folded them up. The coffin was then borne silently to the Island of Murano, the burial-ground of the Venetians. During this time the artists have painted away, unmindful of anything except the criticisms of their friends, who have strolled in to pass remarks and have a chat. The vergers have been dusting the ornaments on the altars not in use at the moment; more sight-seers have stepped in and out again, and vespers have begun at the high altar. A peasant couple walk in, with an amazed sort of look. The man, in the oldest of clothes, looks thoroughly unkempt; the woman, clean and tidy. She wears a red and blue stuff dress, and a checked kerchief folded across her breast. Her ear-rings are long and tapering, and her hair knotted in and out with scarlet ribbon. A quiet, well-dressed lady has finished her prayers, and is leading out her four-year-old boy by the hand. He has long, fair curls, is dressed in a blue velvet coat and cap, and looks very sweet as he turns round towards the altar, kneels down on the bare stones, and makes the sign of the cross at his mother's bidding.

The arches in the piazetta leading to St. Mark's are very beautiful. One row is Gothic, and the opposite a triumph of the *renaissance*. What gorgeous people the old Venetians must have been, those who gave the commission to build and those who executed! Their descendants, looked at superficially, are the kindest and most amiable of people, though it is said their domestic life is anything but satisfactory.

Temperature.

The thermometer has a ridiculous habit of not marking the temperature very low here; and while you are convinced by your own feelings it must

be nearly freezing, and people are going about muffled up, the registration is high. Between the cold days, or cold parts of a day, the sun shines, people swarm out of doors, at every corner some one is singing, and the whole population has an air of amusing itself, and is bright and gay.

Venice, the home of Titian the painter, has many of his beautiful pictures. The most celebrated are the "Assumption," the "Presentation," and the "Martyrdom of St. Lawrence." The first two are in the Academy, and are miracles of light and color. The groups of angels in the "Assumption" have a variety of sweet young faces; the amazed apostles are in gloom below, and every attitude is forcible and telling. In the "Presentation" the motley crowd at the bottom of the temple steps resembles such a gathering as would have been collected in St. Mark's Piazza at the time the picture was painted. Bright, eager faces of intelligent men; beautiful women dressed in Venetian brocades; a young woman with a baby wriggling about over her shoulder as she gossips with a friend; an old woman selling wares from a basket—all are depicted with the dress of the day. "The Martyrdom" is in the Church of the Jesuits, and is more than half invisible, partly owing to its position, and partly to the low key in which it is painted. The little of it that can be seen is dramatic beyond expression; a hand and arm stand out as if positively quivering, and the Saint, dimly seen on the grating over the fire, is a triumph of tragic representation. Paris Bordone's "Delivery of St. Mark's Ring to the Doge" is another picture of Venetian life in the sixteenth century. The Doge, in pale gold tissue, is seated on his throne, and a throng of nobles, in robes of office and ceremony, are grouped here and there; the fisherman, barefooted

and bareheaded, stretches out his hand to the Doge, who is bending forward as far as is compatible with the dignity of such an imposing individual, to take the ring. The repose of the Venetians, the attitude of the fisherman, who is greatly overawed, and dares scarcely approach the Doge, and the distant perspective of the Cathedral and square are all happily rendered.

Every time we go out we pass the Bridge of Sighs, the connecting link between the palace of the imperious Doges and the prison. The latter, no longer apportioned to the great or ambitious who have failed in their aims, is given up now to the custody of the poor wretched criminals in every day life, who are probably only more unlucky than their neighbors, without being much worse. One day we saw a boy of sixteen, with his hands chained, being taken out of the prison. He looked submissive enough, and a marked contrast to the comfortably-dressed, triangular-hatted guardian who had him in charge.

MILDRED RUSSELL.

WANDERINGS IN FLORENCE.

FLORENCE, *December* 29, 1884.

WE left Venice almost with tears of regret, and came over to the mainland, then through a flat, uninteresting country, past Ferarra and Bologna, and across the Apennines to Florence.

It rained depressingly for some days after our arrival, and if this fair city had been visible, we might have been disappointed at the first sight of her under such circumstances, but she was hidden in a fog. As many of the

streets have no sidewalks, the vehicles appropriate the middle, or otherwise as they choose, and though the drivers are obliging enough to screech to the pedestrians to get out of the way, it is in a tone which makes the latter start wildly in all directions, as if they had been dynamited. Besides this unaccustomed nuisance, it was so slippery with mud that we had to give vigilant heed for fear of falling. With these combined disadvantages, we had no leisure out of doors for anything but care for our personal safety, and so did not mind the invisibility of the city. Fortunately we have rapidly become used to dodging carts and carriages, and can successfully vie with old Florentines in this respect.

Florence.

Florence is beautifully situated in a valley amid spurs of the Appenines, and is sheltered on all sides by those mountains, which, however, occasionally withdraw their usual protection, and send down bitterly cold winds from their snow-clad tops.

The Placid Arno.

The Arno, a placid stream at this spot as a rule, is just now swollen by the recent rains, and is rushing along like a torrent through the city. Pinks, lilies of the valley, roses, narcissus, and many other flowers, are for sale in profusion in the streets, and have that delicious, crisp, fresh look that is one of their great beauties, and which comes from growing in the soft open air.

Since our arrival we have been exclusively occupied in visiting the churches, picture-galleries, and palaces of this famous city, and in seeing the wonderful artistic creations we have so often read of and longed to see. Whatever doubt as to the value of the "old masters" may be in the minds of those who have only seen the caricatures of them which travel round the world under the name

of copies, must instantly disappear after visiting Florence.

Giotto's Campanile, or bell-tower, the Baptistery, and the Cathedral, are very near together, and form a group of most interesting buildings.

The enormous dome of the cathedral, one of the largest in the world, is a culminating spot, round which the half-domes of the choir-apse and transepts are disposed on a lower level. This arrangement gives to the views of the Cathedral, on walking round it, an ever-varying outline of fine architectural proportions and exquisite artistic ornamentation. The outside of the Cathedral is mainly of black and white marble, with an inlaying of colored sufficient to give it an animated look; the doors have reliefs over them of pure-white marble, and the façade, long undecorated, is now rapidly approaching completion.

Campanile.

The Campanile stands at the southern side of the west end, and rises up, adorned with sculpture and fairy-like tracery, to the height of two hundred and ninety-two feet.

Three bronze doors are the chief ornaments of the Baptistery, praised, but not overpraised, by many celebrated writers. They are divided into compartments, the principal of which depict biblical scenes, and the rest allegorical, and were originally covered with gilding, that is now nearly all worn off by four hundred years of sunshine, rain, and dust.

The Florentines love their city intensely and the memory of the great men who have especially helped to beautify it or increase the prosperity and glory of its citizens, and have placed tablets commemorating their deeds on many of the houses where these men lived. This is very interesting to foreigners, and helps them to understand

and appreciate the history of Florence; and the variety of the characters so honored shows that the citizens have a will of their own and a capability of appreciating all orders and degrees of men.

We soon detected how facetious and satirical the Florentines are, from the celebrated preacher at the Cathedral down to the uneducated classes. A workman brought us a package which had to be paid for, and being thoughtlessly asked if he could give change for a hundred-franc bill, he answered, "I haven't a centesimo," with a burst of laughter and a look of keen appreciation of the satire of the question.

On the day of Federigo Campanella's funeral I had curiosity enough to go and see the house where the celebrated old republican lived, and found a crowd collected. Thinking it would soon disperse, I took refuge under a doorway opposite, but from the moment I arrived the people flocked to the spot, and I began to be uneasy, fearing there might be a crush. After waiting for nearly an hour, the coffin was put into the hearse, a mass of beautiful flowers was laid upon it, over thirty wreaths in oak and laurel were hung around, and the procession brought into order. Deputations from more than a hundred societies, with many handsomely-embroidered banners, joined in. The town of Leghorn sent a plain black flag, with Campanella's name and the date of his death upon it, and the Mazzini Brotherhood sent the corresponding one borne at Mazzini's funeral. The procession, enlivened by four bands of music, passed through all the principal streets of the city before going to the railway station, and the whole of democratic and republican Florence turned out to pay a last tribute to one of its heroes. The affair passed off so quietly that, as a stranger, I did not understand there

was any probability of a real disturbance, though from the character of the banners, the absence of anything betokening sympathy on the side of the government or religious bodies, and the appearance of the crowd, it was easy to see there was an undercurrent of excited feeling against the powers that rule. I heard afterwards the authorities were rather anxious, and that at Genoa, where Campanella was buried the next day, the police seized some of the banners with republican sentiments on them, which were too defiant to be submitted to by a monarchical government.

Just after it was dark last night, I heard the chanting of priests gradually approaching, and on looking through the window saw a number of mysterious beings, dressed from top to toe in loose white clothes, each carrying a high, flaming torch and having two abyssmally dark spots on his face where holes were cut for him to see through. A group of priests in black, and scarcely discernible in the darkness, came next, and then a coffin, for it was a funeral conducted by the Brotherhood of the White Misericordia; after this more ghostly white creatures and torches and a promiscuous crowd, with a long line of faintly-glimmering tapers. The effect was strangely weird and suggestive of the horrors of death, and made a strong contrast to Campanella's martial music, bright flowers, and gay banners.

WANDERINGS IN FLORENCE.—(*Continued.*)

FLORENCE, *January* 7, 1885.

San Miniato.

ONE of the prettiest drives near Florence is to the old fortifications designed by Michael

Angelo, and to the Church of San Miniato, which they adjoin. Passing through the Via Romana, under the old gateway of the same name, and gradually ascending amid olive trees, cypresses, roses in bloom, and extensive views of the town and mountains, we reach the top of the hill. The mountains are softly blue in the distance, with the white snow sprinkled on them, as if there had been a shower of pearls. Nearer to us they are heather-colored, and between the gaps a silvery, sheeny sky shines through. At our feet the Cathedral dome stands out sharply and defined; Giotto's slender tower rises gracefully close by, and the Florentine houses crowd thickly round, as if this were their centre and household hearth.

The churches generally contain frescoes by great painters, and the two principal art galleries, the Uffizi and the Pitti, so called after the palaces in which they are placed, are veritable storehouses of easel-pictures, statuary, and and other works of art. The two galleries lie respectively on the right and left banks of the Arno, and are connected by a covered bridge, running over one side of that used for ordinary traffic. It is said that this passage, made by one of the Medici family, who for many years alternately ruled Florence, and were driven from it, was constructed in imitation of that between the palaces of Priam and Hector, and was also designed to form a means of escape in times of danger. The Ponto Vecchio, over which it runs, has a double line of small shops, principally of cheap jewelry, built on it, so that on crossing it there is some difficulty in seeing where the bridge ends and the streets begin; but in the middle there is an open space, affording an opportunity of a view up and down stream. The Tribune, octagonal in shape and covered with a dome, is the chief room in the Uffizi, and one of

Gallery.

the most celebrated in the world, on account of its valuable works of art.

Venus di Medici.

The statue of Venus, called di Medici, strikes the eye on entering by its perfect symmetry and light and graceful bearing, and makes one regret that these charms cannot oftener be carried into other works having a more serious character. Behind it on the wall is a Madonna and two saints by Andrea del Sarto, painted in the softest and most harmonious tones, and by the side of the Madonna is a Venus of fascinating loveliness by Titian. In another room Niobe and her fourteen children, antique statues dating from before the Christian era, are ranged round; the mother, occupying the central position, and the most attractive of the group, is endeavoring to protect her youngest child from the arrows which have slain the rest.

In the cloisters of the Annunciation, the series of frescoes by Andrea del Sarto, painted over three hundred years ago, have the beautiful coloring, faultless drawing and grouping for which that painter is renowned, and are in excellent preservation, and the most pleasing, independently of artistic merit, of any in Florence. Keen interest is attached historically to many of the frescoes by their

Old Florentines.

containing portraits of celebrated people of the time when they were painted. In features they have a curious resemblance to the Florentines of to-day, and seem to have been truthfully rendered, and lack that air of being got up expressly to have their portraits taken which is so often and so painfully seen now. Men of learning, political leaders, and heads of noted business firms, are grouped in life-like attitudes, and though, as a whole, they cannot lay claim to beauty, most of them have an appearance of intelligence and power.

Cimabue's "Madonna," in St. Maria Novella, painted over five hundred years since, is considered one of his best pictures, and is a curious study. It looms up, as it were, in the dimness of the church, a large-framed woman, with no coloring in particular, and yet has an expression of ineffable tenderness, and compassion and sympathy enough for the joys and sorrows of the whole world. I do not wonder that people far removed above the ignorant and uneducated can kneel before such a picture, and find a comfort in its dumb sympathy which they fail to obtain from living lips. Two wooden crucifixes, one by Brunelleschi, in the church of St. Maria Novella, and the other by Donatello, have the story of the rivalry of these two sculptors attached to them. Brunelleschi was commissioned to execute a crucifix, and when it was finished it created such a sensation that Donatello, who was a few years younger, determined to try and surpass it. Some people think he succeeded, but others claim that Brunelleschi bears the palm. At any rate, they are both wonderful productions, and strike thrills of horror and compassion by their life-like appearance.

The large square of the Signoria, or magistracy, is dominated by the old palace, which has a less grim and threatening air than it must have had when unsuccessful conspirators were hung from the windows, or when Savonarola and his companions were burned in front of it; but it has still the appearance of tremendous strength and cunning watchfulness, and its high, slender tower has a lookout over a stretch of country miles in extent, and seems to be ready to spy out the most distant foe. A fountain is on the spot where Savonarola was burned, and several statues have been added since his day to the Loggie or Arcades at the side of the square. Among them "Perseus," with the

head of Medusa, is considered Benvenuto Cellini's best work, and Donatella's "Judith," with the head of Holofernes awakens other interest besides artistic; for on its base it has the motto, "*Salutis Publicæ Exemplum*," carved after one of the expulsions of the Medici family.

Savonarola's Monastery.

The Monastery of St. Marco, at the other side of the city, to which almost every traveller makes a pilgrimage, has the most intimate associations with the noted Dominican, as there he lived and wrote and interviewed his adherents. Towards the street there is a straight wall, with plain windows, which have probably been made in later times. On entering a small doorway, the square cloisters, decorated with frescoes, come immediately into sight, and round them are the refectories, assembly, and other rooms. The next floor is divided by wide passage ways, and on each side are the small rooms or cells for the private use of the Brotherhood, and the library, the earliest public one in Italy, founded in 1441, by Cosmo di Medici, who, like George Washington, was surnamed the father of his country by his grateful fellow-citizens. The frescoes of the Dominican Fra Angelico are still preserved on the walls of the cells and corridors, and reproduce the rapt, devotional, and enthusiastic expressions so much aimed at in Christian art before the *renaissance*.

First Public Library in Italy.

The stores of Florence are very tempting. A whole street is filled with antiquities, among which brocades, inlaid furniture, china and jewelry stand out in attractive fashion for travellers who have money and liking for these objects. Elaborate picture-frames in gilded wood, in antique and modern designs, and all sorts of household furniture of the same material, are specialties here, and are to be had at moderate prices.

Picture Frames.

MILDRED RUSSELL.

ART STUDIES IN FLORENCE.

FLORENCE, *January* 10, 1885.

Holidays. The holidays of this season of the year are now at an end, and Florence is settling down to its usual routine after the pleasure-taking of Christmas, New-Year's, and, the greatest of all, the Feast of the Epiphany. The 6th of January is a general holiday, and the evening before it the Italian children hang baskets out of the windows, hoping the Kings of the East or the good fairies will put something in them; and, no doubt, they are rarely disappointed.

A mission service of two weeks is being held in the Cathedral, and admonitious sermons are delivered three times a day, with the object of stirring up the people to

Revival. a stricter observance of the ordinances of the Church and the cultivation of a deeper religious life. Along two of the huge arches, and reaching from side to side of the nave of the Cathedral, an awning of dark green stuff has been temporarily hung, and a platform erected underneath, with a *prie-dieu* and arm-chair placed upon it. The two or three times I have attended, the preacher, Father Turchi, a man about thirty-five years of age, wore a black gown and berretta; he bowed to the congregation on ascending the platform, then said a short prayer at the *prie-dieu*, to which they responded. He then began his sermon with earnestness and great fluency and considerable dramatic effect, but his powerful voice, restrained from reverberating by the awning under which he and his hearers stood, resounded at the far end of the vast Cathedral as if pandemonium were let loose. Not in the least disturbed by it, he continued for about twenty

minutes with unabated energy, and was heard with breathless attention. Then he sat down in the arm-chair for a few minutes, and the congregation, released from the strain of listening, took the opportunity of moving their chairs and rustling and shuffling about generally, till the preacher rose again, when perfect silence ensued. Sometimes there are three pauses in an Italian sermon, which seems to me an excellent arrangement, both for preacher and congregation, preventing restlessness and giving an opportunity to the tired to withdraw without offence to others.

National Museum.

The National Museum is a good place to see some excellent bronzes and sculpture. The Bargello, in which the collection is, has more the air of a castle than a palace, and was appropriated to the use of the Chief Magistrate of the republic in early times. The entrance hall, a large, low, vaulted room, has numerous shields and crests painted on the walls, and a display of armor and guns arranged in it. It leads to a magnificent court, round which the palace is built, and where the ascent is made to the floor above and the rooms containing the bulk of the works of art.

Passing by a white marble figure of a man asleep in so natural a pose that we are inclined to tread more softly for fear of disturbing such peaceful rest, we come upon a set of bass-reliefs of Luca della Robbia's singing boys and girls, They represent a number of children in the most natural. and therefore most charming, guise. Their sweet faces—some of them earnest, others gleeful—and their varied attitudes of abandon and grace, fascinate every one who has any love for their living prototypes. A room full of glazed terra cotta works by the Robbia family affords a good opportunity of studying their various styles, though nothing

surpasses Luca's singing children in attractiveness. A bass-relief in bronze of a greyhound by Benvenuti Cellini looks as if he were conscious of being the descendant of a family of race-winners, and has a more sagacious look than most of his species usually have. Giovanni da Bologna's "Mercury" in bronze leaves no doubt in any one's mind of the winged messenger's capability of flying. His natural element seems the upper air, and so swift are his movements that we feel, if we turned our eyes away a moment, he might be gone. He is evidently bent on enjoying his expedition thoroughly, and at the same time is hastening with right good will to obey Jupiter's commands.

Angelo's David.

The largest statue in Florence is Michael Angelo's "David," in the Academy of Fine Arts. It shows David as a young man in the prime of youth, and not the small boy he is so often seen. He is standing calm and confident, conscious of his own skill, and inspired with the courage of a just and patriotic cause; with his left hand he grasps the sling thrown over his shoulder, in his right the pebble is ready, and he seems to be only waiting for the critical moment to throw it and step to certain victory.

There are several collections of modern pictures by Florentine artists, which are, of course, for sale. They resemble the French in style of subject and treatment, with perhaps greater softness of tone and color.

The Palazzo Ricardi, where Lorenzo the Magnificent was born and held his brilliant court, is now used for government offices. The principal attractions to sight-seers are the paintings, which entirely cover the walls of the private chapel, and under the representation of the journey of the Kings of the East give portraits of the Medici family

Benozzo Gonzoli's Kings of the East.

and their adherents. The kings, in the elaborate attire of their country, are accompanied by a long train of knights and attendants, with horses, leopards, and costly gifts. In the same palace there are mirrors painted with wreaths of flowers, something after the fashion so much in vogue now in America.

The way the Florentines have of keeping themselves warm in-doors on their cold days is very funny. In their churches, picture-galleries, and large stores, they carry about little brown glazed earthenware baskets, or scaldini, with hot wood ashes in them, over which they spread their hands, and so take off the chilliness. It would be hopeless to try to heat their lofty, spacious buildings, for any apparatus capable of doing so would assuredly make them unbearably hot in such a mild climate as this. The notices outside the druggist's doors of "no more chilblains" are only a mockery to tempt the credulous to buy, for this tormenting nuisance, the result of damp, runs riot here, and refuses to be banished by any precautions.

Scaldini.

MILDRED RUSSELL.

FROM FLORENCE TO ROME.

ROME, *January* 24, 1885.

IT rained heavily throughout the night before we left Florence, but cleared up as we started in the early morning, and enabled us to see the surrounding country, which is naturally pretty, and made more so by villages dotted here and there among the hills, villas availing themselves of every advantage of beautiful and sheltered position, and

castles built rather for pleasure residences than for purposes of defence.

As we came nearer the higher mountains they were enveloped in thick fog, which lifted occasionally and showed us their snowy peaks and purple slopes; and as the fresh, green vegetation lay in sunshine in the valleys below, we were afforded a most enjoyable panorama of lights and shades and blended coloring. Some of the fruit-trees were already pruned and the land put through its spring cultivation, so that it was difficult for us to realize that it was only the beginning of January. The country soon became wilder and varied with several old towns perched high up on the rocks, as if defying the fury of the elements and the wrath of all possible enemies. Among them Cortona, a compactly-built place of moderate size and glorying in untold ages of existence, is no longer a dread foe to strangers, but, as becomes the dignity of her years, has a well-settled-down look and a courteous greeting for all comers, especially antiquity-lovers. Lake Thrasymene took advantage of the bad weather to beautify herself, and lay like a widespread quivering sheet of emerald, fringed with tall, waving reeds; and the deep blue mountains, capped in fleecy white haze, stood out boldly behind, as if desirous to protect so valuable a jewel. On one of its three islands is a monastery, and the town of Castilione is built on part of the shore which juts into it. Still it has a very solitary appearance, and might almost pass for deserted by all except by the spirit of beauty. It began to rain in torrents as we passed through a dreary track of uninhabited, hilly land, looking partly like a waste of ruins and partly like a rabbit-warren, and ridged and criss-crossed in every conceivable direction as if by heavy rains, furrowing it from time immemorable.

Old Towns.

We kept a strict watch for a first sight of the Tiber, in order to realize we were really on the road to Rome, and we saw that turbulent stream rushing and tearing along faster and faster as we went on our way. At first its tributaries, from every rise of ground, seemed to contribute threads of gold to widen a bright and gleaming band which wound in and out and disappeared, and constantly appeared again; but soon the threads developed into torrents, pouring down like waterfalls, and the river itself was more like a heavy mass of yellow mud than a stream. As we approached the low-lying land of the campagna the water was out like a lake; the tops of the fences were only just visible, the cattle had taken refuge on the higher ground, and the few human beings visible were struggling to secure themselves from the danger of an inundation.

The sun set like a ball of fire just before we reached Rome, and the waning light as we entered only allowed us to see the dim outline of the skeleton ruin of the Temple of Minerva, and the ease with which we gained our luxurious hotel savored of Paris as much as of any other place in the world.

It was some days before the Tiber sank to its usual level The Pantheon was three feet in water, and the lowest parts of the city, near the river, were flooded, and much anxiety was felt lest the overflow should be greater, for the rain continued some days.

Rome presents many varied aspects externally, according to the parts immediately under view. Some of the streets are wide, and resemble those of Paris and London, and have large hotels, fine shops, tramways, and numbers of persons dressed *a là francaise* walking up and down. The Corso, the ancient Via Flaminia, leading from the Capitol in the heart of the city through the Porta del Po-

polo and into the Campagna, is the most crowded from three to five o'clock, and during these hours the Queen and most of the Roman aristocracy pass through it to their afternoon drives. It is also a favorite promenade, and crowds of people saunter along it, so that it is often difficult to walk or drive at more than a foot's pace.

The ruins present the appearance of the ghosts of a giant city of the dead; in the Forum Romanum they are so close together that it is difficult to picture to one's self where the crowds stood. This forum is oblong, and is entered by descending a flight of steps to its level, which is considerably below the modern surrounding streets. The ground is strewn with pieces of marble columns, statues, and ornaments, and in different places clusters of solitary columns and arches rise, and ground plans show themselves and enable the visitor to mark the site of the most celebrated buildings. The Senate House, around which so much interest clings, is still unexcavated, and lies under a convent, but parts of the Via Sacra, where Horace and other loiterers used to stroll, and over which important and sacred processions marched up the steep ascent to the Capitol, are still to be seen.

Vespers.

On Sunday I went to the Church of Trinita de Monti, to hear the Sisters of the Sacred Heart sing the vesper service. They have been celebrated for their musical culture for many years, and still sing several pieces composed for them by Mendelssohn when he was in Rome. The Sisters of to-day have sweet, carefully-trained voices, and render their service, especially the evening hymn, with much refinement of taste and religious expression. They throw their church open to the public on Sunday afternoons, and usually have a large congregation, and, as in all Catholic countries, a mixed one. At

the time I attended, there were ladies of rank, young men of fashion, students belonging to the schools of two or three monastic orders, a sprinkling of foreigners, the rapidly-disappearing professional beggar, and many others whom I could not classify. About one hundred young ladies who are being educated at the convent were present at the service. They wore long white veils, and collectively made a very pretty sight.

Painters' Models.

The groups of painters' models who haunt the sunshiny parts of the steps leading up to the church and at the top of the Via Sistina are very amusing. They are of all ages, from old men and women to tiny children. Some of them are remarkably handsome, but the majority are merely picturesque, and owe their attractions to their fancy costumes. The women wear short colored dresses, white aprons, lace brocade or velvet bodices, and Roman scarfs tied in different tasteful ways on their head; they have earrings of wonderful designs, and pins and brooches of all shapes, usually with pearls in them. Whilst waiting to be employed, they amuse themselves with gay unconcern. The men play toss-penny, one girl jingles a tambourine and the others dance to it, and all chat and sing and loiter about with an abandon and capability of enjoying, doing nothing in particular which might create envy in the hearts of serious-minded people who have many responsibilities on their shoulders.

It is a cold winter in Rome, and the icicles have been hanging here and there round the many fountains and water-spouts in the gardens at the same time that the orange trees are laden with ripening fruit. Seen together for the first time, they looked rather incongruous to an eye accustomed to associate sharp frost with bare orchards, and to expect

an orange-grove to be a perpetual atmosphere of balmy warmth. Preparations for the approaching carnival are being made, but at present the full arrangements have not been definitely fixed upon.

St. Peters.

The Cathedral of St. Peter is a gorgeous edifice, and well fitted to give an idea of the pomp and pride of a supreme pontiff who was also a temporal prince and to excite admiration as a triumph of architectural skill. It is true, it is said, the effect has been ruined by modifications of the original plan, but it is still a temple magnificent in itself, where throngs of worshippers can asemble for religious rites or quiet contemplation at its many altars, and leave ample room for the untold numbers who come merely for the satisfaction of seeing. It is covered with gilding, and is full of marble monuments erected to the memory of successive popes.

Magnificent Temple.

Blessing the Candles.

The annual ceremony of blessing the candles was performed in the Chapel of the Virgin, at St. Peter's, on the 2d February. The attendant priests went by twos up to Cardinal Howard, the officiating prelate, and each, kneeling, presented a candle to be blessed, and, on receiving it back, kissed it, and, retiring, gave place to the next in order, and fetched others till the whole had been brought. When this part of the ceremony was over, a procession was formed, and passed up and down the Cathedral. It was led by the choristers, an assembly of men and boys down to the age of six or seven, dressed in violet cassocks and white linen and lace surplices; after these were priests with gray fur capes turned up with scarlet; and then a superior order of priests in red and violet cassocks, with white surplices trimmed with lace of rare kinds and exquisite fineness. The Cardinal

closed the procession, his great height increased by a tall gilt mitre, and his breadth of shoulders by a white silk vestment stiff with gold embroidery. He was a fit representative of a great hierarchy, around whom timid and bold adherents alike might gather with enthusiastic devotion as a tower of strength. He was supported by two priests, one of whom carried a purple velvet cushion for his eminence to kneel upon when opposite the sacred altars. Each of the members of the procession—about three hundred in number—carried a lighted taper, the Cardinal holding his as if it were the true light he was shedding on a world grovelling in darkness, and entrusting it to his supporter when he knelt, as if it were a sacred deposit confided to him for the good of mankind. The lower officials, who kept order among the on-lookers, were dressed in black and reddish lilac and white lace, and were in keeping with the rest.

St. Peter's.

St. Peter's is so enormous that, in passing under the lofty arches and through the wide aisles, the three hundred were a mere speck in the vastness, and in spite of their dress, hardly worthy the traditional pomp of this church. The Cardinal alone raised the affair above the commonplace, and possessed the priestly dignity necessary for a gorgeous religious festival. He is an Englishman, and belongs to the ducal house of Norfolk, which has had little to do with the public affairs of England for many generations in consequence of its steady loyalty to the Catholic faith.

MILDRED RUSSELL.

CARNIVAL SEASON AT ROME.

ROME, *February* 11, 1885.

THE carnival has begun, and each day the people seem to get more into the spirit of it. So far the chief amusements have been masked balls at the theatres, a fair and illuminations for the populace at the Piazza Navona, promenading, masked or unmasked, in the Corso, and the throwing of coriandoli. These little hollow balls of plaster, about the size of a pea, which burst when they fall, and scatter clouds of dust over the persons who are hit, have taken the place of the colored comfits of years ago, and are only permitted to be thrown on the first day or two of the carnival. Many temporary balconies and stands have been erected in the Corso, and decorated prettily. The royal one is in scarlet and white; another is in sea-weed and coral; another displays the American flag; and the whole length of the street is as bright as a variety of colors can make it. Yesterday a party of ladies and gentlemen, who occupied the royal balcony, showered some bushels of coriandoli and scores of bouquets on the people below, and, in return, received some back; but, as they were high up, they were not very easily reached. No carriages were allowed, and the Corso was thronged with walkers, though it was a work of peril to pass the coriandoli. Among others less noticeable, a tall, well-dressed man tried to cross the street, perhaps thinking he would escape remark and attention; but a masker, dressed as a young lady, sprang up with agility, and threw a pair of spindle-like arms round his neck. As soon as the daring adventurer had disentangled himself, four young men in the royal balcony were ready for him, and showered down

Throwing coriandoli.

scoops of coriandoli in succession, giving him a parting shot as he disappeared in the distance.

More refined features.

This laughter-provoking, but not very elegant amusement has now ceased, and this afternoon the more refined ones begin.

On Sunday morning we went to the handsome American church in the Via Nazionale. It is built in the Gothic style, in string-courses of red brick and white stucco; has stained-glass windows and a very fine dado in shades of green lightened with pink. The organ, which was very well played, is said to be the finest in Rome.

Sistine Chapel.

I have been several times to the Sistine chapel, to see the famous frescoes of Michael Angelo. The entrance to the Vatican palace is defended by the Swiss guards, who are stationed within the great bronze door and at the foot of the grand staircase. This high flight of broad, shallow steps, as well as others, has to be mounted, and neither the beauty of the ceiling and walls, nor any genuine tourist enthusiasm, can lessen the fatigue of the ascent. At my first visit I had the chapel to myself, except for the company of the custodian and one of the huge cats in which Rome abounds; at the following ones, a constant stream of visitors passed through.

Ceiling.

A space the whole length of the ceiling is divided into compartments, in which Old Testament history, from the creation onwards, is portrayed. In a vaulting at the sides and ends are the prophets and sibyls, and in the surrounding lunettes and arches are scenes from the lives of the ancestors of our Saviour. I should hardly call it beautiful from a mere sight-seer's point of view. The difficulty in getting a good position to examine each part, and the still greater difficulty of seeing the effect of the

whole, lessen its superficial value; but, from an artistic standpoint, nothing surpasses it that I have seen.

The Last Judgment.

On the east wall Michael Angelo painted his "Last Judgment," now defaced by time and ignorance, and the ghost of what it was when fresh from his hands. It has a blue ground, and on this, groups of angels hover; Christ, surrounded by saints and apostles, is in the middle; the dead are rising; and below, in terrible ghastliness, is the bottomless pit. These pictures are said by critics to be wonders of symmetrical arrangement in design, of compactness of thought and skill in depicting the human figure in the many twists and turns of which it is capable; but it takes a great deal of study to find out where these qualities lie. What impresses the mind of the tourist when the chapel is under examination, and his neck aches with gazing up at the ceiling, and his head is so heavy that he almost wishes it would drop off, and only a kind of religious awe induces him to persevere, is, that he feels himself in the presence of a vast company, who are affected by the strongest, and grandest, and deepest emotions that ever actuated men on earth, or the sublimest of beings in heaven, and not as the mere ideal creations of a genius, but as a living, impelling reality.

Requiem mass for Pius IX.

On Saturday I was lucky enough to have a ticket for the Sistine chapel, when a requiem was sung for the soul of Pius IX., the late Pope. We entered by the bronze door, where the Swiss guards were stationed, halberd in hand, and wearing their gay uniform of broad stripes of yellow and red and black, low shoes, and high, waving white plumes. Separately they looked fantastic, but *en masse* the colors blended with excellent effect.

We mounted the stairs to the royal *salon*, a magnificent

frescoed apartment, where the palace guards, in military uniform of blue and gold, were on duty; and, passing the rank and file of these, we arrived at the chapel door, which was guarded by clerical-looking attendants, in lilac silk gowns. After entering the chapel, and passing more Swiss guards, we were received by the chamberlains, who assigned us excellent places, where we could see the whole ceremony. The chamberlains were dressed in black satin Spanish costumes of the fifteenth century, with a short cloak hanging from the shoulders, and some of them had innumerable orders and stars, and were courtly and handsome men. No gentleman was admitted except in uniform or evening dress, nor lady, except in black dress and veil. Those ladies not accustomed to wear veils were easily detected by the rigidity with which they had put them on, compared with the graceful swaying and floating arrangements of the habitual wearers. Many of the former were very much dissatisfied with their appearance, and as they sat on the sunny side of the chapel, and under the full glare, they were conscious of looking somewhat too penitential. Many church dignitaries were present—cardinals, their violet trains borne by priests; heads of the Dominicans in white; Franciscans in black; others in brown; Armenian bishops, in high round caps; priests, in plain violet cassocks, and evidently men of importance, judging from the respect with which they were received. Distinguished civilians and diplomatists were there too, their sombre costume relieved by a blaze of decorations, and Knights of Malta, in scarlet uniforms, the white cross of their order tapering to the centre, and nearly covering the front of their gilt corselets. The clergy, prominent among them Cardinal Howard, filled the east end of the chapel, and were all seated before the Pope arrived.

Appearance of the Pope.

The Pope wore a silvered mitre and a long red and white satin train and red vestment, and presided over the service with a gentleness far removed from any semblance of the tyrannizing power supposed to be wielded by the head of the Church, and gave the blessing at the end with less pomp than is often seen in an out-of-the-way country church. The music of the requiem was well rendered by a choir of men and boys, but the difficult soprano parts by a voice suspiciously like a woman's. The solemnity culminated at the most sacred part of the service. The captain of the detachment of palace guards stationed within the screen raised his sword, and his men followed suit; the Swiss guards stood at attention; the Pope descended from his throne to the open space in front of the altar; then swords and halberds were lowered, and heads and knees bent, and all, his Holiness included, remained for a few moments in silent devotion, and soon afterwards dispersed.

American ladies.

In going out I saw several American ladies, literary and fashionable, and business men wisely utilizing the bad times by taking a holiday, and who had been in this comparatively small and essentially exclusive assembly, for which it was such a favor to obtain a ticket.

Besides the manifold attractions in the heart of the city of Rome, several villas, or park-like gardens, situated just within the walls or close outside them, are thrown open to the public on certain days of the week, which are so arranged that some can be visited each afternoon. Then they become the fashionable resorts for driving or walking, according as they are suited for one or the other recreation.

Villa Pamphili Doria.

Friday is the afternoon for driving in the Villa Pamphili Doria, the property of Prince Doria; and many walkers are to be found there too, though the size of the place prohibits most people from seeing it well on foot. These grounds contain everything to make such a place perfect and delight the eye—gardens laid out symmetrically, and gardens without any apparent plan; drives in the open, where the finest views can be had, and drives under thickly-shading avenues of stately evergreen forest trees; grottoes from which rush waterfalls, and lakes that reflect the whiteness of the swans swimming on them undimmed; turf of vivid, spotless green, and grassy slopes pied with daisies; purple anemones growing in the sun and violets in the shade, and welcome to be picked by all. We saw oxen at work, with horns a yard in length, and of the meekest behavior; peacocks spreading their tails and screeching at the visitors, and silver pheasants darting in and out the sunlight. These are a few of the pleasant sights to be found in this charming villa; and besides, when we visited it, there was a gentle wind blowing, but only just blowing the delicious, balmy air, and coming more as a soft caress. Yet the Roman wind can change its character, and come down as a tramontane over the snowy heights, and then every one is shriveled up for a day or two, till the milder breeze comes back, and all nature expands again.

Among the dead.

I have had the folly to go to the hideous spectacles in the vaults of the Church of the Cappucini. They are in square divisions, open towards the walk which runs along the outer wall; and the bones of innumerable monks are piled up on three sides of them, and stuck to the ceilings; skulls, cross-bones, and every other kind in the human body, are formed into

niches and arches and columns, or stacked up in some ornamental design; and amid them, standing or reclining, are skeletons dressed in black, and labelled, and strongly suggestive of the Witch of Endor. In each division are tombs filled with earth from Jerusalem, and destined to be the first resting-place of one of the brotherhood after death, the one longest buried having to make way for the one most recently dead. The sun shone brightly into this charnel-house as I walked through it, and rather heightened its repulsiveness by force of contrast.

Last Sunday being the first of the carnival, the Villa Borghese grounds, outside the Porta del Popolo, where people drive on Sunday afternoons, presented a very gay scene. The carriages of the Queen, the leading aristocracy, and all the strangers who owned them or could hire them, were out, and thousands of walkers crowded the footpaths.

Umberto's fast horses.

The King was in a mail phaeton, attended by an aide-de-camp, and drove his fast horses, and at the same time returned the cordial salutations made him by perpetually raising his hat with an ease that comes only of long practice, and with a frequency that must have greatly marred the pleasure of driving.

Models dancing.

The models have congregated on the steps near the Via Sistina in greater numbers than usual since the beginning of the carnival, and have their country cousins, in native dress, on a visit to them; so the dancing and frolicking go on more gaily than ever. Occasionally the fun is interrupted, and that is when the tambourine-player spies a spectator among the assembled lookers-on who will probably give a soldo or two; then the jingling suddenly ceases for a minute, but is

quickly re-commenced with renewed spirit. The dances have several steps and figures, and are generally begun with a lead round, kept up by means of fresh performers joining in when the first are tired, and end impromptu, at any moment and in any fashion. MILDRED RUSSELL.

HEIGHT OF THE CARNIVAL.

ROME, *February* 19, 1885.

ROME has been showing herself in one of her numerous and distinctive characters, and has been laying aside all thoughts of a majestic past or a phœnix-like future, or even of the frantic efforts she is making to modernize herself and bring herself to the level of her brand-new compeers. She has been simply and solely bent on enjoying the carnival, with as much zest as if she were the most flippant of cities.

Thursday dawned cold and threatening, but changed at noon into the very day for a *fête*, and became warm, but not hot. Fleecy, silvery clouds floated in the clear, blue sky, unnoticed, however, except by those who looked up at them to help them to decide if it were really worth while to succumb to the sudden rise in the price of balconies. And the result was, that every seat was occupied, and the Corso crammed with the populace. In preference to viewing the scenes from the balconies, many persons drive up and down in the procession, which is principally formed by the ornamental cars contributed by the different cities to compete for prizes.

A party of four of us went in a carriage and found it great fun; and though this was our first carnival, we flatter ourselves we came off quite creditably. Provided

with about fifty bouquets, and entering behind the Golden Shell from Naples, we received our first shots in the Battle of Flowers on our right hand. We returned them languidly, and were just losing sight of these opponents when others attacked us from the left. Then a balcony opened fire, and we began to be warmed up, and before we moved many steps farther we had not a single bouquet left, either of our own or of those thrown to us. No matter. Basketsful were to be bought at every moment from the flower-sellers close at hand, so we could allow ourselves to become enthusiastic, and give the parting shot as we passed on.

At first we might have been taken for English people from our coolness and reserved manners; but soon the idea came to us that if others began to throw at us, why should not we allow ourselves the same gratification, and single out any one we chose. So, meek and mild as we might look, with the courage that comes by fighting, we tossed our flowers to the fairest and the less fair, who, I must own, were not far behind us in spirit.

The Royal Box.

We came to the royal box, but alas! at the moment there was not a bouquet in the carriage fit to lie at the feet of royalty when it comes in the shape of beauty, and three of us glared at the fourth, who had been so lavish over the last set of girls. A handful of violets was all we could send up, and they were too light to be thrown very high, and so, long before they reached Queen Margaret, they turned back and fell on us in a shower, and mingled with the pink and white comfits that were scattered on us. Our good humor was immediately restored by this pretty sight and by two flower-sellers coming up at the same moment, and soon afterward we completed the turn up and down the Corso.

Then we daclared we would rest and throw no more bouquets, unless, of course, some one challenged us. So we made the circuit at the Piazza Venezia in dignified repose, supplying ourselves with more flowers, however, in case of emergency, and bitterly regretting not having all sorts of bonbons and favors and the pretty ornamental things, such as other people had pelted at us; but we were quite ignorant of what was customary, and besides, had been told that the Roman carnival was extinct, and so had given no heed to preparations for it. No sooner had we started again, after resolving to have no more of the battle, than we discovered we were remembered, and that parties were lying in wait for us in this our second turn. The flowers rained down on us, so we were compelled to join in more enthusiastically than ever till the procession ended, and we went reluctantly to dinner.

But even one's first day at the carnival is not unalloyed happiness, for more than half of the missiles fall short of the mark aimed at, and are ignominiously clutched at by the populace who crowd the Corso, or are even intercepted by them, and thus prevented from reaching their destination. To obviate these disappointments one gentleman had an ingenious instrument, made of crossed slats of wood, which could be extended five or six yards. On the end of it he placed the gifts he wish to present to any special person, and every one admired his ingenuity. The great drawback to his instrument was that it did not work well more than once in six or seven times, and the street boys made repeated and successful grabs at it when it did. But all sorts of liberties are allowed at the carnival; and as it would have been of no use to remonstrate, the owner plodded away contentedly with a stolid perseverance which was amusing.

Beautiful Cars.

Some of the cars were beautiful. Venice sent a gondola and a handsome and graceful set of amateur gondoliers, who received our choicest flowers in pleasant remembrance of days spent in their lovely city. A model of the Cathedral of Milan, with its clusters of spires, did ample justice to this pride of Gothic architecture, and a golden shell from Sicily, wreathed with prickly-pear and carrying Mount Etna, surmounted by a Cupid, was supported by the sons of earth, whom mermaids were trying to beguile. The Florentines contributed a fountain of flowers and the Gothic portal of the Bigallo, a refuge for deserted children. In this way they celebrated the childhood of Stenterello, a comic masquerader of unknown parentage, a character created by Landini and much appreciated by the Italians, and especially the Florentines. This car, artistically painted and decorated with witty sentences, was one of the most admired of the carnival.

Realism.

A group of artists were realistically attired as a troop of savages in the skins of animals. They carried spears and shields, and shouted a chorus of war-whoops as if they had been brought up to it as a profession. They led a sacred elephant, bearing the image of the great god of their country, a monkey, and a snake, and seemed as if they certainly had come from the heart of Africa to spy out what this wondrous Rome might be whose fame had reached their distant home. They were adjudged one of the principal prizes for novelty of idea and admirable execution. There were many more cars, a goose from Rome, a collossal statue from Turin, a tower from Bologna, etc., and, among all these, bands of horsemen paraded in costumes of different centuries, and masqueraders on foot in endless variety of character.

In the evening there was a ball at court to which fifteen hundred guests were invited, and which is said to have been the most brilliant of the season.

Grand Illumination.

Between Thursday and Tuesday, the last day of the carnival, there was throwing of flowers to a small extent, and on Saturday a few of the cars paraded the Corso, while every evening masked balls took place at one or other of the theatres. The culminating point was on Tuesday, when the grand procession was repeated, and at dusk the whole was illuminated with Bengal lights, and the moccoletti began. In the moccoletti every one has a lighted taper, and attempts to put out every one else's taper, either by throwing flowers or blowing at it; and when the tapers are extinguished, the relighting has to be accomplished by stratagem, as no one is willing to assist a fallen enemy. These myriads of tiny lights, glimmering close at hand and in the distance, and diminishing in size and clearness till they become a confused mass, resemble the milkyway in the heavens. The laughter and the fun are indescribable. King Carnival is usually burned in the evening, but this year he was only carried without the gates, and the public amusements ended with fireworks on the Pincio, which crowds of people congregated to witness. But far into the next morning the gay revellers made the streets resound with song and laughter, and seemed to grudge the daylight of Ash-Wednesday, which called them to prosaic or penitential life. Betimes in the churches the priests were ready with ashes, and sprinkled first their own heads and then those of the devotional members of their flocks; and the conscientious sight-seers, who had come to explore Rome and gape at her and understand her as best they might, have returned to the rugged paths of their

pilgrimage, looking back, however, at times without the slightest contrition at the precious hours wasted in the folly and mirth of the carnival. MILDRED RUSSELL.

UNDER ITALIAN SKY.

GENOA, *Feb.* 27, 1885.

Leaving Rome.

IN comparing notes with other travellers, I find that scarcely any one who has not caught fever leaves Rome for the first time without a fixed determination to return at the earliest possible moment; and whilst making my preparations for departure, all kinds of plans for coming back kept running through my head, and refused to be ignored. In spirit I drank gallons of the water from the beautiful fountain of Trevi, which, report says, does not fail to secure a future visit for those who go and drink of its streams in firm faith of its mysterious power. Still, fearing the spell might be broken, I must confess I tried hard to play the malingerer, and be left behind; but it was no use. A ruthless fate tore me away, yet, repentant of its sternness, has landed me in pleasant quarters.

On our way from Rome to Pisa, we passed through the Campagna, where the malarious water showed itself in spots through the short grass, and in the sunlight looked like patches of fluffy cotton. Then the railway lay through the Maremma, a stretch of flat, swampy and woody country, devoted to cattle-grazing from autumn to spring, but uninhabitable in summer from its unhealthfulness, which forces the people to betake themselves to the hills as soon as the warm weather sets in.

Sketches by the way.

We had many glimpses of the sea, so soft and still as to resemble the sky on a cloudless day, and just before reaching Orbetello the two peaks of Mt. Argentario became visible. They protrude so far into the water that, at first sight, hazy and dim, they were like a distant island; then, becoming distinct, they towered up close by us, looking more imposing by contrast with the numerous small rocky islets which clustered at their base. Soon afterwards we came to Cecina, from whence a branch line runs to Saline for the convenience of the mining and salt districts. At Cecina we took leave of the gorgeous sapphire sea, and passed on to Pisa, through a country with few visible attractions.

The objects of interest to travellers in Pisa are the Cathedral, the Leaning Tower, or Campanile, the Baptistery, and the Campo Santo, or ancient burial-ground, which are all situated in the Cathedral piazza, and form a fine collection of buildings. Less crowded together than is usually the case with groups of buildings, they are the pride and boast of Pisa and the admiration of sight-seers and art-lovers. The high, crenelated city wall forms one side of the large open square, the Campo Santo a second, and houses and shops the remaining ones.

The Leaning Tower.

Though not deserving the greatest admiration of the four objects of beauty and renown in Pisa, the Leaning Tower absorbed our attention first. It leans so much that, considering it was completed in 1350, though begun two hundred years before, it is a wonder it has not toppled over long ago, and it is no use maintaining that it remains standing on fixed scientific principles of gravity; the most that can be said in its favor is that it once decided on falling flat, and then suddenly changed its mind. The effect of looking upwards under

the sloping-over side is rather unpleasant, and in mounting the interior it is something like walking on shipboard and balancing the body first to one side and then to another, according to the inclination of the ship. The outside is of marble, and is built in eight stories, adorned with columns and half columns; and however much people may dispute over the reason why the tower leans, none will dispute over its beauty.

The Cathedral.

The Cathedral—beautiful too, and surprisingly perfect—is of white marble, ornamented with the same material in black and colors. Its façade is formed in stories; the lowest has columns and arches which adjoin the building, and four above have open galleries, the whole being light and graceful, as well as unique.

In the interior are sixty-eight massive Greek and Roman columns, war spoils of the Pisans at the time of their greatest supremacy, from the eleventh to the thirteenth centuries, and the time during which these four buildings were erected. These columns, seen from different points of view in the church, show how fine an effect may be made by their disposition in the basilica style.

Campo Santo.

The Campo Santo is of importance in studying *renaissance* art, as paintings of the early part of the fourteenth century are on its walls. Though authorities disagree as to whose work they are, it is certain the best are by men who had true artistic genius, and who allied themselves with those painters who had begun to throw off the trammels which bound their predecessors to imitate the productions of a former age. They evidently studied nature, and aided in developing the representation of the finer and subtler qualities of humanity.

The Campo Santo is a parallelogram, one hundred and thirty-seven yards long, fifty-seven wide, and sixteen yards

high, and is entered through the blank wall bounding one side of the piazza. The height and length of the inside of the four walls of this structure afford ample opportunity for frescoes of large size. The most noted is the "Triumph of Death," said by some to be by Andrea Orcagna. It is a realistic treatment of the subject, where Death is seizing on victims with strict impartiality. Some, absorbed in a life of pleasure, and contented with it, are terribly unwilling to accompany the relentless tyrant; but those who are weighed down by misery, or have aspired to a brighter world by religious duties faithfully performed, welcome him with joy; while a party of hunters are aghast at being confronted with some unclosed coffins which hem their way. The centre of the Campo is nearly all of earth brought from the Holy Land in Pisan ships, in conformity with a religious sentiment that it would then be a more fitting resting-place for great men. This part is surrounded by open arcades, supported on columns, and is now covered with grass, where narcissus, jonquils, violets, and other flowers were blooming when we were there, and little brown lizards were basking in the warmth of the sun, or running in and out of the cracks of the walls. This building contains many ancient monuments and some modern ones, and among the latter is a bass-relief by Thorwaldsen to the oculist Andrea Vacca, of Tobias, curing his father's blindness.

Historic chains.

The rusty old iron chains once stretched across the harbor of Pisa hang here in triumph, and do not look the important objects they were when the victorious Genoese carried them off in the seventeenth century with so much satisfaction. One was restored to the Pisans in 1848 by the Florentines, to whom the Genoese had given it, and the other in 1860, by the Genoese themselves, when patriotic unity and enthusiasm

decreed there was to be none but friendly rivalry between the two sea-ports.

In the round, dome-covered Baptistery, there is a six-sided marble pulpit, with bass-reliefs of the thirteenth century, carved by Nicolo Pisano, one of the earliest *renaissance* sculptors. It stands on seven pilasters, raised at different heights from the ground on the backs of various animals, and, considering its date, is a wonderful production. A man with a good voice has adopted the profession of awakening the echoes in the Baptistery, and sings a few bars, which rise higher and higher in the dome, and die away so softly as almost to prevent detecting the last vibration.

Curious street.

In the old part of the town is a curious, narrow, and irregularly-winding street, where the houses are high and project their first stories, which are supported on arches and columns, over the sidewalks, and give the street a likeness to a long ecclesiastical edifice open to the sky, and the crowds walking up and down rather heighten the impression. The market is close by it, and in the early morning was full of tempting fresh fruits and vegetables. I bought four oranges for six cents; I know I was cheated in this trade, but a handful of dried figs for a cent was reasonably cheap, especially as they were good.

The Pisans loiter about in groups as the other Italians do, but the present generation has not arrived at that stage of civilization when such a proceeding is thoroughly enjoyed, and they go through it in a listless, vacant way, as if it were something new, and they did not know what to make of it.

We went out to see the royal shooting-lodge, about two miles from Pisa. The house is not large, and the stables

and out-buildings being placed in front of it cause it to resemble a business establishment rather than a pleasure retreat for royalty. Herds of deer were grazing outside the extensive and beautiful pine plantations, and other game is said to be plentiful. Alterations were being made to a race-track in the grounds, and a number of camels were carrying earth in panniers to it, and looked stupid and unkempt creatures.

After taking the train again, we were soon at Spezia, where the Riviera, or the coast of the Gulf of Genoa, begins, and we were able to see many of the beautiful views on it from the railway—the calm, deep blue sea spreading out to the horizon on one side, a succession of villages on the other, numberless promontories jutting out, through which the cars plunge in darkness to emerge to fresh scenes of loveliness, made up of rocky headlands, orange groves, palms, and the bright moon shedding light enough for them all to be seen clearly, besides throwing over them a bewitching glamor.

Genoa.

Genoa has streets of palaces, chiefly built in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries for the proud nobles of this commercial and maritime city. The Garibaldi has only palaces in it, and among them the Municipal has the handsomest exterior; and farther on in the Balbi is the University, with a court and staircase famed as the finest in Genoa, and then follows the Royal Palace. The street of the goldsmiths is full of shops, where gold and silver filigree articles are sold. Tall candelabra, their size made elegant by graceful clusters of flowers and leaves; fairy-like card-baskets; fans, light, yet strong; decorations for the neck, and bracelets,—are a few of them.

Though Genoa has no such claim to beauty as Venice,—her rival on the sea and her conqueror,—she is a beautiful

city. The town is built on one side of the half-moon-shaped harbor, and up the slopes behind, where the luxurious vegetation of the district makes itself visible at every point. Its magnificent palaces, wide streets, and busy population impress on the passing traveller that enterprise and intelligence, aided by the advantages of climate and position, have here been eminently successful.

MILDRED RUSSELL.

FROM GENOA TO MONTE CARLO.

MONTE CARLO, *April*, 1885.

FROM Genoa our way lay along the Riviera, on the western shore of the gulf, which has something of the same character as the eastern part, except that it is more luxuriant in vegetation, villas are more frequent, and as we proceed, fashionable seaside towns follow quickly on one another.

The Gardens.

The well-kept gardens at Monte Carlo are on uneven ground, and afford a wide range of sheltered and sunny positions, suitable for plants and trees collected from all parts of the world. Beds of choice roses are the most attractive flowers in bloom now, and these, and other flowers and sweet-scented bushes, charge the air so heavily with perfumes morning and evening as to be at times almost intolerable, though in the middle of the day they are pleasant enough. There are many walks through the gardens, some winding up and down, others leading to the broad, handsome terraces overlooking the sea, and others sheltered from the least breath of sea-air.

The benches in the last ones are the favorite resorts of the visitors with coughs and troublesome lungs.

The Casino.

The Casino, a handsome building with elaborate exterior and interior decorations, contains a theatre, reading, gambling, and other rooms. It faces the sea and occupies the chief situation in the place, and round it the principal hotels and gardens are grouped. The authorities exercise rigid supervision over all persons in it; they strictly prohibit the young under age from entering the gambling-rooms, and compel strangers to obtain a permit for each visit. Having shown the ticket at one of the doors in the foyer, the visitor is allowed to pass, and the first impression is, that if gambling is objectionable, it is also remarkably stupid. The air in the rooms is so impure as to be sickening, and the quietness in them is remarkable, considering their vast size and how many people are congregated. The cry, "Place your stakes," or the call of the winning numbers and colors is so low and uniform, as to be scarcely distinguished except by practiced or keenly interested ears. The raking in of the money causes a curious, dull clanking, heard distinctly in the gloomy silence, and is done smoothly and deftly, and with as little concern for the money's real value as if it were crumbs being swept off a dinner table. And so much of the money is gathered in, no wonder admittance is free to concert and gardens. In the first room there are two roulette-tables, in the second there are four, and in the last two *treute et quarante*. At the roulette the lowest stake is one dollar, and the highest twelve hundred dollars; at the *treute et quarante* the lowest is four dollars, and the highest six thousand dollars.

Greatest Losses and Gains.

The losses and gains are greatest on the *treute et quarante*, and in a few minutes

thousands of dollars change hands. Larger sums are made at one stroke at roulette in comparison with the amount of single stakes placed, but the risk is much greater and the winning rarer.

At each table from five to seven men belonging to the bank and eighteen players sit, and behind them spectators and players stand and bend over them two or three deep. The bank officials have the most stolid air, and some of them seem on the way to idiocy, judging from the mechanical and dreary way in which they go through their duties. Now and then one falls half asleep, and wakes up to rake in the gains or give out the losses, and then drops off and nods again. All things considered, it is difficult to see why these men should be demoralized and worn-out looking beings, for their work is not hard, unless, indeed, they sit up all night after people have gone and play against each other for excitingly high stakes, or have to turn policemen and guard the spoil. They are polite and forbearing, and strictly just towards the public according to the rules of the game.

Umpire.

One of them acts as umpire, and against his decision there is no appeal. If two players claim the stakes in the excitement of the game, the umpire usually settles the dispute with ironical good nature by ordering the bank to pay both parties, possibly out of firm confidence in his side winning most of the money back again. When anything is wanted, a croupier taps on a little bell, and the one of the many attendants in livery scattered through the rooms who happens to be nearest at the moment, claps his hands gently in return, and hastens to ask what is wanted. If money has been dropped on the floor and rolled under the table, as is frequently the case, he fetches a little lantern and a long crook, and with their help recovers the lost

coin, after having, Charon-like, first dislodged the people who are crowding round. These attendants have the air of keepers in a lunatic asylum, and seem to be rejoicing that things are going so quietly, and that there is no need for them to interfere. Some of them have caught the tricks of their patients, and mutter and gesticulate, and many of the staff of the Casino look not unlike men who are in constant dread of some crazy individual blowing them up with dynamite. Then several officials in plain clothes perambulate about and go at intervals from one table to another and turn their eyes on each visitor in succession, while pretending to be interested in nothing particular. These produce the effect on one of being closely watched by human cats. The sharp scrutiny that has to be submitted to before a ticket is issued, and the careful examination of it when it is presented afterwards, strike a stranger as having some similarity to passing before a commission of lunacy. Then, when in the rooms, there is plenty of space for many more persons than are in them, and surprise is created as to why an extra one is so sternly refused admittance. Altogether, the way things are conducted here may be described as queer.

The Players.

The intentness with which players and lookers-on watch the game is extreme, as well as are their utter absorption in it and complete isolation. While a few groups of three or four may be seen, or two friends may be playing on their joint advice, more generally single individuals enter, and stand and watch the game, or wait till there is a vacant place at the table. The play deprives the participators in it of all sociability. Many try to follow a system and mark down the order of the winning numbers and colors on cards prepared for the purpose. Then they compare several of these together and strike an

average, I suppose, or something of the sort. Here and there, throughout the rooms, a man or woman is sitting apart and studying lists of figures, which doubtless represent one of the many systems for infallibly gaining. The deep cunning on the faces of some of them makes them look as if they were bent on cheating the infernal prince himself.

The players are fairly well dressed as a rule, and fewer than I expected are rowdy-looking. But there is one curious effect produced on all who walk about the gambling-rooms, and that is a deterioration in personal appearance. Men and women, elsewhere of distinguished and even aristocratic air, lose their refinement apparently, perhaps from being mixed up among so many of a coarse and common type, or perhaps from the worst in them coming to the surface at the moment. A few have anxious and distressed faces, as if they were on tenter-hooks of dread expectation; and in this spot of forcible realism many are probably undergoing agonies of feeling that would ennoble a good cause. Yet it is not till observation is fixed on some special player that the force of the grip the game has upon its votaries becomes visible.

The Grip of the Gams.

All sorts of people are seen gambling here, and some with the most innocent faces are devoted to it. An old lady, whom the most exacting on the score of desirable looking relatives would approve of as a grandmother, visits the tables every day. Men, immaculate as to dress and outward style, stroll in and play for a few minutes and pass out again. Bearers of well-known English titles, French counts and German barons, army-officers and successful business-men, are sprinkled through the rooms, but the majority of the players are of no standing in society. There are few

Americans. Whether it is their good sense, or the bad times, or that our countrymen with gambling inclinations find freer scope in the stock market at home, I do not know; but the fact remains, and English, French, and a few Germans and Russians, compose the main body of the gamblers.

Numbers, having very small sums of money, do not hesitate to risk them. An English woman, almost with tears in her eyes, told us that she had lost twenty-five dollars in a week. There are dozens of this class. They are neatly and plainly dressed, and evidently belong to respectable families, and their only ambition is to make a few francs without the trouble of working for them.

The Real Gamblers.

Then there are the real gamblers, who love the intense excitement of the game, and throw themselves into it with all the energy of heart and soul. They play for high stakes, and for the highest allowed, on the rare occasions when they can raise them. After they have lost everything, they wander disconsolately about the rooms for a couple of days or watch others play, then they generally manage to find up a little money and start afresh on the same old round till the final collapse comes. Some of the *habitués*, who play only with large bills, sit with rolls of them before them, and win and lose without the slightest outward sign of disturbance, except a trembling of the hands which hardly amounts to more than a quiver. When the new and younger ones first begin this reckless play, they are at once detected by their excited looks, flushed faces, and quick breathing. A lady, whose funds to begin with were a joint contribution of her own money and that of friends, played for about an hour one afternoon at *treute et quarante* with 1,000-franc bills ($200) and won $5,000. She was clearly used to

winning and losing, and took her success calmly, while others were anxious over the loss or gain of the lowest stakes.

An Excited Player.

The next day a stout, short-necked man became very much excited after having gained a roll of thousand-franc bills at *treute et quarante*. He left his seat and staked three or four notes at each turn of the game; then, during the time the cards were being dealt, he walked up and down rubbing his hands and drying his face with his handkerchief. Sometimes he listened eagerly for the announcement of which side had won, and sometimes, not daring to listen, he walked out of ear-shot, and afterwards came up and peered over the shoulders of the other players to see whether his notes had been swept away or not. When he lost he was terribly cast down, and when he won he became more excited than ever, till at last it was distressing to look at him. Scarcely any one took any notice of him, as all were too much interested in their own affairs, and though he had won a great deal of money, it was not enough to arouse general attention. But one night, when a Russian was winning enormously at roulette and ended by gaining $40,000, the people rushed up to the table where he was and stood six deep trying to see him. He was considered a hero by some, as he walked off with the promissory note the table gave him for a part of the money in consequence of not being able to spare the whole at the moment. Since then there has been unusual liveliness at roulette in spite of the Russian having lost all his gains a few days afterwards.

Different traits come out undisguised in different players. Some are polite to those near them, others are churlish; some allow their register-cards to be copied willingly,

others refuse to permit any one to see them, and hide them with their hands. Occasionally excitement spreads rapidly from one to another, as if they were, in truth, lunatics, and each made the other more crazy. But as a rule the players and playing are of the most humdrum and monotonous type; and were it not for the few exceptions and for knowing the folly that is involved, an uninitiated person would not guess there was much more harm in gambling at Monte Carlo than a waste of time on a stupid, dull occupation, that hardly rises to the level of an amusement.

After watching the tables for a few days, the great mistake on the part of the players is found out: they never know when to leave off and are never satisfied with their gains. Those to whom a couple of hundred dollars is an important sum of money, and the entire capital at their disposal, are not content with making fifty, but must try to double or even treble it. They succeed in doing this once in a while, but still they are not satisfied. They endeavor to make still more, and end in losing everything. Some put great faith in this or that system.

Had a system.

As I was sitting on one of the benches by the sea, a poorly-dressed woman came up and began a conversation on the state of the weather, and then proceeded to inquire if I gambled. She told me her husband had been at work fifteen hours a day for ten years, and had at last perfected a system by which success was certain, and that he only needed more capital to carry it out, and was seeking a partner. The poor creature was evidently a tool in other people's hands, so I refrained from giving her my opinion on the subject—a reticence which was stern self-denial on my part.

The theatre is used also as a concert-room, where an

orchestra of about sixty well-trained performers gives concerts twice daily throughout the year. Their *repertoire* is good and extensive, and attracts audiences of refined and cultivated musical taste from the neighboring Riviera towns as well as from Monte Carlo itself. Many persons go from the gaming-rooms to the concerts, and stay to hear one piece, and then retire and often reappear before the close of the performance. Some use the concert hall as a lounging-place, and there are always people asleep while the music is playing, even in the afternoon. This hall or theatre is handsomely decorated in the Moorish style, and the chairs are large and luxurious, so that each of the audience can sit in comfort. The Prince of Monaco, like other royal personages, has the finest box appropriated to his use. It is opposite the stage, and extends the full width of the theatre.

Except for the Casino, Monte Carlo is a place with few resources in the way of amusement. Enthusiastic pedestrians, mostly Englishmen with heavy-soled boots, climb the hills in the neighborhood, and from the favorite one, "La Turbie," are paid for their toil by a magnificent view. Those persons who are fond of driving make expeditions along the old and new Corniche roads.

It has been really hot for the past week, and were it not for a slight, treacherous wind that blows intermittenly over unsheltered spots we might be deluded into thinking summer had come. As it is, many visitors have gone northward, hoping to find warm, spring weather there, because the sun is in full glory at Monte Carlo.

MILDRED RUSSELL.

FROM BEAULIEU TO PARIS AND LONDON.

London, *May*, 1885.

We spent the greater part of our last few days in the Riviera in the open air, and made the most of our good luck in being surrounded with fields of roses and groves of orange-trees in blossom. At the same time we gave a pitying thought to friends in London and Paris, who were complaining of bitter cold winds and even snow.

Some of the residents at Beaulieu, our last halting place, add materially to their income by growing flowers, principally roses and pinks, for the winter market in London, Northern France, and Germany. They raise many palm-trees also, and other ornamental plants, which they dispatch northward for house and conservatory use. Even ladies devote a great deal of time to gardening, and are rewarded by being pictures of heathfulness, though in some cases their domestic arrangements suffer from lack of supervision.

"Garden-mad."

One house we visited, which was owned and inhabited by some Germans of rank, amused us very much. The whole family, including several dogs, lived out of doors almost exclusively, and were absorbed in gardening. The garden was kept in perfect order, and contained many choice kinds of roses, pinks and other flowers destined for market. In-doors everything was in confusion, though a good library and several pretty and artistic objects showed that refined taste was not absent. Dogs of all sizes followed the hostess up and down stairs in spite of her having recourse to the evidently unusual proceeding of shutting the front door on them. She apologized for the untidiness of the rooms by saying she was so much occupied with her flowers, and

that none of the family came into the house except to eat and sleep; and we quite agreed with her that it was foolish to waste time on housekeeping in such a climate. There was an atmosphere of attractive simplicity around this idyllic life, and it was plain these charming people had slipped into it from a conventional one, as their manner and general style showed they had been used to the forms of polished society. We took leave of our amiable host and hostess more than half in love with the Arcadia they had made for themselves.

Starting for Paris.

Bidding adieu to the Riviera, we started for Paris *via* Marseilles, and made the journey in twenty-two hours.

We bolted a hurried dinner at Marseilles station, and afterwards envied two sensible travellers, an old lady and her daughter, who had brought theirs with them. After eating it at leisure, they told their beads, said their prayers, and went to sleep with the utmost unconcern as to onlookers. The daughter woke up in a quarter of an hour to inquire if we were in Paris, and being pshawed at by her mother, resigned herself to sleep again. Both of them slept like tops, and presented an unruffled appearance next morning. They made an early breakfast on bread and wine, told their beads again, and brought out their knitting.

We stayed a couple of weeks in Paris, to see the *salon*, and then proceeded to London.

We were lucky in our choice of a day for crossing the channel from Boulogne to Folkestone. The sea was calm and the wind soft, so we were spared the pitching and tossing usually in store for this short transit, which concentrates into a couple of hours all the agonies of an Atlantic voyage. We thought England was looking her

best as we went to London through the county of Kent. The pink and white hawthorn bushes were in flower, the trees just in their first full foliage, and all nature was fresh and smiling. We went by many typical English places—here a large country-house, surrounded by extensive ornamental grounds skirted by a park; there a farm-house, shaded by trees and standing in the centre of well-cultivated fields; then a village of red tiled cottages, with their trim little gardens in front and the church-spire or tower rising from the midst; and lining the railway were fields as neat as gardens, and hedges cut with surprising symmetry and exactness, or, at rare intervals, left to grow untrained and overshadow the lanes, gay with wild flowers. The misty atmosphere that tones down all precision of outline struck us forcibly again after the clearer one to which we had almost become accustomed.

Apples and Hops.

Kent is noted for its apple-orchards and hop-fields, and as we came through it many fruit-trees were in blossom and the hops were just starting up the poles.

Though London is by no means a new acquaintance to any of our present party, we could not repress a certain thrill of exultation as we entered this grimy, sober city, with its gloomy skies and quiet-mannered people. We had left the lands of gestures and easily-raised excitement, and had come to one too solid and matter-of-fact to indulge in any such vague way of expression. I might call it a land ignorant of margins!

We saw the coach parade in Hyde Park on June 1st, when twenty-three coaches turned out in pretty good style. This park is in the heart of fashionable London, and, being of easy access, is thronged every day with carriages, ladies and gentlemen on horseback, and others sitting on

chairs, which are placed in rows by the side of the drives and the riding-road called "The Row." The carriages were drawn up in lines four deep on Monday for a considerable distance, and we were lucky in securing a good place for seeing. The procession started at a round trot, and as the day was fine, the sight was really pretty, and many of the horses were superb and well-driven.

Most of the coaches drove down to Hurlingham, a club in the suburbs of London, where luncheon was taken. The club-house stands in a large park, studded with old trees. The Thames flows on one side of it; polo-grounds occupy another; close to these is a pigeon-shooting enclosure, and the rest of the space is taken up with shady walks, tennis-courts, and terraces used as *cafés*. There are dining and reception-rooms, having outlooks on the park and gardens; but dinners, luncheons, and afternoon teas are usually served on the terraces or under the shade of the old trees that abound

Polo-days.

On polo-days hundreds of fashionable people go to Hurlingham, and it is then a gay sight. On off-days it is a delightful retreat for a few who are often only too thankful to go out for an hour of as thorough rest and quiet as could be had in the depths of the country. We saw the exciting game of polo played one afternoon. Horses and men enjoyed it thoroughly, judging by the spirited way they went at it; and it seemed almost a miracle that any of them came out of the *mêlée* alive. Before beginning the game the players mount their horses and ride up and down a few times and try their mallet and ball. When they start the game, the ball is thrown midway between the two goals, and each side tries to give the first stroke. Sometimes the ball is sent swiftly spinning along the ground towards one goal, a horseman is able to

get at it before the others come up, and strikes it back over their heads towards the opposite one, and then all rush madly after it. Sometimes the ball alights in the midst of the riders, and I suppose they dodge it, for nobody cares. One of them sends it forward and all dash headlong after it again. They generally play at very close quarters—so close, indeed, that, seen from a distance, there is little clear space to strike in. It is a great pleasure to see how well the men ride and how easily the horses are controlled.

Racing Speed.

At times they are galloping along in one direction at racing speed after the ball, and it looks as if it were impossible they should stop themselves in less than half a mile. The sight makes one hold one's breath and feel sure the riders cannot prevent themselves going through the surrounding enclosure, whether it is a brick wall or woods, or the mass of on-lookers sitting rows deep in chairs. But not so Before one has time to finish thinking that they must positively dash into something or other, they have turned round and are tearing wildly in another direction. Occasionally the mallets fly out of the players' hands, or the heads of the mallets come off, and go whizzing through the air, but these casualties are unheeded, except by the loser, who picks up his mallet in a trice, or gallops off for a new one, and joins again in the game with greater zest than before. Probably it looks a more dangerous game than it is. The long mallets swing round in the air and deal formidable blows on the ball, and it is not easy to see how men or horses escape being seriously hurt, but somehow they usually do. Of course sad accidents occur occasionally. Polo is hard work, owing to the speed at which it is played, but the excitement and enjoyment the players find in it are ample rewards.

It is impossible to walk ten minutes in London without noticing the absence of plan in its building, and the endless string of names necessary for the number of short streets, which run at all angles to each other, and form a bewildering and inextricable maze to a stranger. It is less noisy than New York or Paris, owing principally to the wood pavement, though the Londoners themselves make many complaints on that score. The great difficulty is to choose what to do among the many attractions offered, especially when one's object is not ordinary sight-seeing, for concerts, picture-galleries and theatres by the dozen are going on at the same time. The truly cosmopolitan character of this city and its occupations are striking, and almost amount to its being the home of every nationality, and a warehouse for the productions of every soil. MILDRED RUSSELL.

A TRIP UP THE THAMES.

LONDON, *June* 25, 1885.

WE accepted an invitation to join a party of friends who were going to make a trip up the Thames in a steam-launch, and in that way we had an opportunity for enjoying a holiday peculiarly and essentially a Londoner's. We started from Paddington, one of the London stations, at nine o'clock, and went as far as Taplow by train, then took a cab, and in a few minutes we were at Maidenhead, where the launch lay.

We went on board at ten o'clock, laden with umbrellas, waterproofs and rugs, which the sky at our early start had deluded us into bringing. However, we consoled ourselves with thinking it might have rained deluges.

A great many locks are necessary in the Thames because of the fall of the water, and to prevent the land being flooded. These locks are a great nuisance to pleasure-seekers under any circumstances, as they retard progress, and much time is wasted in passing through them. Though of ample size to accommodate ordinary demands, there is often tedious waiting on a holiday before all can enter, and it is not unusual to have a delay of an hour if it is fine. As we were bent on making the most of our trip, and going up the river at least as far as Medmenham, we determined to hurry forward so as not to be kept waiting at the beginning longer than absolutely necessary. All of our party had not yet arrived; but those who had, leaving word for the rest to drive along the bank, hastened on to the first lock, which is usually the most crowded, so as to pass through before the next train-load of people claimed it. Another reason why we thought it better to do this was, that the row-boats have a right of precedence, though they did not exercise it toward us, as we went in several times when many of them were left out to wait for the next turn.

The river was already astir with boats of every description known on it. House-boats, steam-launches, four-oared and six-oared boats, punts, dingeys, were pressing ahead with the common object in view of squeezing into Boulter's lock ahead of each other.

The Real Start.

After we emerged from Boulter's, we had leisure of mind to look at the lovely and peaceful scenery before the laggards came up, and as soon as they arrived, we made the real start on our water excursion, which was most enjoyable from beginning to end. The weather was perfect,—an item of no small good-luck in English holiday-making,—and the engine of our launch

afforded us the negative gratification of not giving out greasy odors or constantly enveloping us in thick smoke. Cloudless heavens of a tint here called sky-blue induced an Englishman of our party to suggest that they were as bright as in America. But that was because he had never crossed the Atlantic. nor seen the pure blue of our skies, which is crisper and much more intense than in England, where the hazy atmosphere tones down everything to a soberer hue. One of the greatest charms of the banks of the Thames lies in a variety always possessing a calm, soothing character. Antiquity is here, but it is only in dim remembrance. It has been good enough to sweep away everything that could remind us that past generations were at all imposing or more important than we, or that we are so much ahead of them that their very remains excite our pity.

Scenery.

As we steam up the river, we see a succession of meadow-lands, slopes covered with dense masses of trees, or with single ones standing out in quiet beauty, villages with romantic and historic associations, villas, varying from that of the country house type to the tiny ones which seem to consist of nothing but a gabled front, hidden with masses of roses and honeysuckles. Many of the houses have lawns of the green turf that is such a boasted product of England, and ornamental forest trees tower up and display their beauty of outline or their majesty, gained by age. Cliefden, a princely house belonging to the Duke of Westminster, large enough to be a palace, is in full view of us as we proceed a couple of miles up to Cookham. The same scene of crowding into the lock goes on at this one as at the former. The graceful, fragile row-boats look very small, and send up contemptuous and antagonistic glances at the launches and lumbering house-

boats, yet with practical condescension catch hold of them to steady themselves in the water.

A Solitary Fisherman.

The reach between Cookham and Marlowe affords the best fishing, and here we saw a fisherman so deeply absorbed in his pursuit that he must have solaced the soul of Isaak Walton if it still haunt these banks. The fisherman was dressed in loose, dark-gray clothes and slouch hat, wore spectacles, and had a long beard, and looked like a regular devotee, and as if he had slept in his clothes for the last three weeks, for fear of arriving late and missing a nibble. He was as serious as if he had the weight of the world on his shoulders, and formed a curious contrast in dress and general appearance to the holiday-making boatmen.

From another lock we emerge into a wider reach of the river, where both banks are bordered with level meadows. This is the best part for the sailing boats, as the breeze rarely fails here. Then we come to the village of Marlowe, a model of picturesque grouping of ivy-covered houses, gray church and tower. Two more locks are gone through while we are in the cabin for luncheon, and then comes Medmenham. Here we disembark and step on to a smooth, sloping turf, which is backed by a ruined abbey, patched up and divided into rooms where picnics can be improvised, or boaters going up or down stream can stay over night, or fishermen make their headquarters. Close by, and also facing the river, is the hotel, with the same irreproachable turf spread out before it. In front of both hotel and abbey, all kinds of craft are moored, and guests in boating costume of white flannel, with a dash of color, are sitting down or lying stretched out on the grass in the full enjoyment of an English summer day, which is hot enough to warm them thoroughly for a couple of

hours. After exploring the abbey and grounds, we, too, sit under the trees and drink in the pleasant holiday scene. We can tell at a glance the majority assembled are towns-people by their slight build, for in only one or two instances is the typical Englishman seen with his broad shoulders and wonderful depth of chest.

Returning. After awhile there is a general movement of re-embarking, and we set out on our homeward way. The river looks different as we go back. We think it more beautiful. The shadows thrown in the late afternoon are heavier; the sunlight turns much of the turf and trees into quivering gold, and the colors on the water are all aglow. A few minutes the river is green from the overhanging foliage, then, before we have time to tire of this, it is bright and sparkling, and dotted with the reflection of a red, or yellow, or pure white sail. The cottages and villas are gayer, and groups of oarsmen and ladies are sitting on benches or loitering about the gardens. Boats are tugged by friendly pairs of young men and girls at even a brisker pace than in the morning. The young men do the work of pulling, the assistance of the young ladies being merely ornamental, and strictly confined to holding, in sympathetic fashion, one end of the pole to which the hauling-rope is attached.. Sometimes a boat is pulled up under the shadow of the trees, and a couple of friends are resting, or pic-nicking, or busy with the prosaic occupation of clearing up the remains of the feast. No servants are to be seen except helpers on the launches or house-boats. People have come out for fresh air and freedom from every-day trammels, and wait on each other. Now and then we come on scenes that remind us that this or that painter has faithfully reproduced them. The overshadowing banks of trees, the ashy green willows, the cattle cooling themselves in the water,

or the villages with their marvellous air of quiet contentment, and the far-reaching meadows stretching to the horizon and dying away into grayness. It was, on the whole, an assemblage of the better class of Londoners in the midst of which we found ourselves, and the rush and tussle to get into the locks was an orderly and fair one. Every one was merry and gay in the temperate English fashion, and one boat helped another if occasion required. The eagerness shown in this respect in the earlier part of the day culminated almost in excitement on the return, and especially just before we reached Maidenhead.

A house-boat.

As we came up the rush was greater than ever, and it was evidently a usual occurrence, as a crowd had collected on the bridge and banks, some of them standing perilously near the water. The boats had pushed up on both sides of the river close to the gate, and had left only a narrow passage for those who were in the lock to pass out by, when the keeper called out, "The first is a house-boat." In spite of their vexation, those foremost could not refrain from joining in the laughter this announcement caused. There was as eager a movement backwards as there had been forwards a few minutes previously, for a house-boat is drawn by a horse and rope from the bank, and is not easily or quickly stopped when once it is under way, and, moreover, is huge in size when compared with the row-boats. The smaller craft had no sooner retreated to a safe distance than the gates opened and the house-boat slowly and ponderously came onwards. It was in full *fête* dress, and round the top were cases filled with flowers, which gave it the appearance of a travelling garden. Two young ladies, dressed in cream color, sat immediately in front and shaded themselves from the declining rays of the sun with their Japanese-

shaped parasols, and seemed like wood-nymphs who had dropped down from the over-branching trees on the cumbrous boat. Though there had been a regular scamper to get out of the way, there was barely room enough, and several of the little boats had to put forth considerable exertions to avoid being unceremoniously crunched. As soon as this excitement had ceased, there was another race for the first place in the lock. The keeper issued all sorts of orders as to this boat and that, and prophesied that this one or that one would come to grief, but no one heeded, or rather the threatened ones managed to pass in safety out of that difficulty, and not infrequently fell into another. After the lucky ones had squeezed in and had taken up their positions, and the unfortunate ones, with their stern projecting too near the gates had beaten their retreat, every one settled down to wait the few minutes till the water was lowered, with comparative patience. There was a little of the usual wriggling and twisting, but not much, as we were so tightly packed that we were obliged to keep pretty still.

The gates were opened, and at first those behind could not make out why those in front did not move. It turned out that four boats had each determined to get out first, and the rivalry ended in their all getting wedged so fast together that stirring was impossible. They were in that position and struggling to free themselves long enough for the others to enjoy a succession of peals of laughter at their discomfiture. At last one leaped forward with a bound, the others followed, and soon the mass of boats disintegrated.

After passing under Maidenhead bridge, we went two miles further, to the village of Bray, where we dined. We were sitting out of doors, drinking our coffee and recalling

the trifling events of our pleasant day, when some one remarked it was nine o'clock and still daylight. In another half-hour we had to leave; and just as we started, the moon rose, and at our last view of the Thames it was shining like rippling silver, and by eleven o'clock we were back at our hotel in smoky, grimy, attractive London.

MILDRED RUSSELL.

SCENES ABOUT COVENTRY.

LONDON, *July*, 1885.

WE left London by a 9:30 train on the London and Northwestern railway, one of the best-managed and smoothest running lines in England. After a ride of ninety miles we arrived at Coventry, a town in Warwickshire, in the centre of England, whose history—legendary, political, and social—would fill volumes. It is a quaint old place, and fairly bristles with reminiscences of past days.

Some of the villages near Coventry are as pretty as any can be. One of them—Allesley—four miles out of the town, has the advantage of having hall, church, and cottages combined to produce a thoroughly English scene. It is fortunate in other respects, too, as it possesses an enviable absence of poverty and dirt, and its working class of agricultural laborers may be styled as well-to-do. Allesley Park, as it is called, a large, square stone house of about the date of the end of the seventeenth century, is approached through an avenue, and stands in ground containing some very old trees, notably a cedar, whose age no one likes to guess at, but which must certainly amount to several hundred years. This place has been used for a length of time as a college for boys and young men, who,

rain or shine, make it lively with their sports and pranks, and who also have a reasonable interest in success at examinations as well as cricket. The rhododendrons, forming a high hedge on one side of a shrubbery, and huge masses here and there, were in full bloom at our visit, and made a gay appearance in spite of heavy, leaden skies and rainy weather. The windows of the house look across the park and rest on the village, which is situated on gradually-rising ground, and forms the bounding view. The red cottages nestle together and the tiled roofs peep one above another in charming confusion, and behind and overtopping all, the gray church spire rises amid the sombre green of the trees.

Even on a dull day, or I might say on the innumerable dull days which prevail in England, the beauty of this scene is not blotted out, as it is so often in similar circumstances in England, but rather assumes a variation. This is owing in some degree to the masses of dark, heavy foliage, the lighter green of the pasture, the warm coloring of the village houses, and the contrasting grayness of hall and church. When these are enshrouded in a misty, vaporous atmosphere, they are toned down to a low and perhaps mournful key, as if they were in penitence, till the sun comes out and sets them free. Then nothing is gayer or brighter, and every visitor at the park, who owns brush and colors, rushes for them, and is fired with the ambition to reproduce the enchantment. The sky, which for days has been like the spirit of gloom, puts on great patches of blue. It is not an ecstatic blue, indeed, but a gentle, peaceful tint, suitable for a being who knows it is in temporary gala dress, which will not do to be flaunted in the eyes of all beholders, lest it pass suddenly into solar distance and take too long to get back.

English people are able to be indifferent to the weather, owing to the extremes of temperature never being very great, and, protected by waterproof cloaks and boots of a thickness unimaginable by Americans, they defy the rain and damp rather than remain indoors all day.

Lanes. Some of the Warwickshire lanes are scarcely wide enough to allow two carts to pass, and in consequence of being lowered to make them level, the side banks are in places very high. These banks are a mass of wild flowers and ferns, and are usually topped by hawthorn hedges and overshadowed with trees. The vistas through them are picturesque in the extreme, and many of them are so secluded and quiet, that they are the homes of innumerable singing birds that love solitude and avoid being too near the dwellings of man. Our stay at Coventry concluded, we returned to London, which we leave shortly for Scotland. MILDRED RUSSELL.

SUMMERING IN SCOTLAND.

FORFARSHIRE, SCOTLAND, *September*, 1885.

OUR route from London lay past some of the cathedral towns, though from the railway little can be seen of the buildings themselves, except the general effect of outline and position. We saw Peterboro', with its renowned façade; York, towering up in pride at holding the first place in Gothic architecture in England; and Durham, well planted on a rock side by side with the castle, and showing its steady line of Norman arches. On we go northward, catching sight occasionally of the German ocean; then we cross the border between Scotland and England, now well defined, but for ages possessed of a vagueness

that could never be reduced to precision by the fiercest of fights. Then we rush through Edinburgh, its castle soaring aloft into the gray clouds, and its palace bringing up more romantic and tender thoughts than almost any other tourist-visited spot. We stop at Perth, suggestive in name of the "Fair Maid," but in reality an uninteresting utilitarian place; a great railway centre, with a big station, where innumerable trains go in and out, and where confusion reigns supreme half of the time, and dull weariness the other half. A short stretch further brings us into Forfarshire. When we first arrived, we noticed a great change in the temperature, as compared with London. It was many degrees colder, and winter clothing had to be exhumed. We delighted in the late, long twilights, which enabled us to dispense with artificial light till after ten o'clock, and brought renewed day at three in the morning. Most of us ignored the latter, but we all took pleasure in knowing the fact in our slumbering consciousness.

Grouse-shooting.

The main attraction to men of leisure and wealth in Scotland is the grouse-shooting, and so popular is this amusement that the best moors are let at fabulous prices. The grouse thrive only amid the heather in the uninhabited, wild parts of the country, so it often happens that the shooting-boxes have no gardens, and stand isolated and miles away from a village or post-office. Some houses have, however, fine gardens, lawns, and every convenience, in which case the sportsmen have to ride three or four miles, or further, before they come to the best of the shooting. The twelfth of August is the day for the grouse-shooting to begin, and the migration northward from London and other parts of England the week before is enormous, and necessitates extra trains to carry the passengers and their belongings. Prudent peo-

ple engage their places on the trains six weeks in advance, so as to be sure of coming without any serious delay. I am told the railway companies give notice that they do not guarantee bringing those people who have not taken this precaution during the last few days preceding the twelfth of August. Dogs, horses, and baggage in untold quantities choke up stations and trains, and din and chaos take the place of the usual good order.

Highland games.

Highland games are celebrated in different parts of the country at this season of the year, when the short Scotch summer is at its height and all the local magnates are at home. At Braemar, near the Queen's residence, Balmoral, Aberdeenshire, there was an unusually large gathering, as it was looked upon, in some degree, as a suitable moment to give a welcome to the Princess Beatrice, on her first visit to Scotland after her marriage.

In Scotland the word glen is applied to the long-drawn-out valleys between the ridges of the moors or mountains where the land is capable of more or less cultivation. The northern part of Forfarshire abounds in glens, formed by the outlying spurs of the Grampian Mountains, which gradually become lower as they are further from the main chain. In the large glens, farms and fields of grain and meadows lie; a stream flows, containing trout, and sometimes salmon. In the smaller ones, a tiny brook trickles, and a shepherd's cottage stands, with a patch of attempted garden. Glen Isla is one of the large glens, and has villages of some size, and a long stretch of cultivated country. The Highland Society was instituted here thirty years ago, to aid in keeping up the language, games, music and dress of the Highlanders.

We had heard the games so much spoken of that, undis-

mayed by the length of the way and its other difficulties, we determined on attending them. We left at eight o'clock, after an early breakfast, our cavalcade consisting of a four-wheeled village-cart, five horses and some ponies, and our route lying across the moors, where we were told no such thing as a four-wheeled carriage could go. We were obliged to have a carriage, as some of our party declined to struggle with the moor ponies.

All went well for the first few minutes, and every one thought the difficulties had been overrated, and that there were too many gillies, and that they would be in each other's way, and that they would have nothing to do. No sooner had we left the private grounds than trouble began. The road was upside down, and full of holes and ruts and hillocks, and two of the ladies, being accustomed to springs and good macadam, did not at all relish the new style of travelling. One bore it with tolerable equanimity, but the other gave a succession of little screams as the jolts and tilts went on. The two ladies on the ponies smiled complacently at these proceedings, and made the frequent halts that were necessary with amiable patience. The way became worse, and the timid lady had soon to cease every alarming exclamation, as her whole exertions of soul and body were taken up with the effort of clinging on. Over half a dozen gillies piloted and engineered our wheels in safety and so cleverly over the terribly rough way, that no one was the worse for the jolting, and the timid lady ended by declaring she had never once been frightened.

Highland Scenery.

The moors were just beginning to be a mass of purple heather in full bloom, and as we went up and up, we gradually lost sight of our smiling glen and its cultivated surroundings, and came into a cir-

cle of high hills without a tree or sign of human habitation. Up and up we went, through the deep heather and over the uneven ground, till we came to our highest point, and all around us was the same kind of view. Hills, like huge waves, some deep, deep blue in the distance, others purple or red, and patched with the fresh green just grown up from the spots where the heather had been recently burnt. Is was a beautiful sight. The grand solitude, the vast expanse, and the pure air impressed us exquisitely. One of the ladies found a big root of white heather, which is rare and said to bring good luck. The fortunate finder distributed it round to the party, who received it as a much-appreciated gift. The white heather is the same botanically as the purple, the absence of color being due to some temporary peculiarity of the soil.

After enjoying the prospect at the highest point of our climb we started the descending slope, and soon came on a shooting-box, where three or four sportsmen and a dozen gillies turned out to view such an unusual sight as our party presented in going by. They eyed the village-cart most curiously. Three quarters of an hour further on, and at eleven o'clock, we reached a farm-house, where a break, that had been sent round by the road, was waiting for us, and we did the remaining ten miles along a good road in very fair time, and arrived at Glen Isla just as the games began. We were all ready for luncheon, so we chose a grassy island by the side of the river Isla for our camping-ground. It was backed up by fern-covered rocks and sheltered with trees, and far enough from the high-road to escape the dust, and was altogether a capital spot.

An interesting gathering.

The games were very interesting to us as strangers, and quite as much so to the people of the neighborhood, as many of the same

competitors appear year after year, and great eagerness is shown to know who is likely to win. We found on our arrival that representatives from all the distinguished families residing within a driving radius of thirty miles had assembled. The games took place on a piece of flat ground bounded by the river on one side and a steep slope at the foot of Mount Blair on the other, on which benches were placed for the spectators. We were lucky in being in the front row, and in having a good view. The competitors and several gentlemen among the spectators were in Highland costume; members of many different clans were present, and the day fine and bright, so that the scene was quite gay.

As we took our seats the pipers were playing their trial pieces in a very spirited fashion. They were on a platform about twenty feet square and raised a foot from the ground. They walked in step around and across it, keeping time to their music. The judges were hidden, so the manner of stepping did not count towards winning the prize, which, I thought, was a mistake, as there was a great difference among the pipers in this respect. One of them marched along the gayest of the gay, and another stepped as fierce and proud as if he were piper to the Queen, and aspired to the possession of John Brown's shoes. Some of them were handsomely dressed, and had a variety of silver buckles and charms, and one of them wore several medals gained in London and other parts of the world.

Bag-pipes.

I am no judge of bag-pipes, so cannot pronounce on the merit of the performers; but many of the listeners considered the playing very good; and as noted men played I suppose it was. The dancing was remarkably pleasing. Several Highland flings, strathspeys and

reels were really gracefully danced, and without the roughness and awkwardness I had believed inseparably connected with them from seeing them in other countries. The most difficult was the sword-dance. Two swords were crossed on the platform, then one by one the competitors came forward and danced an infinite complexity of steps in and out and crossways over the swords with great dexterity. If any part of the swords is touched the dance is a failure, and the dancer is at once ruled out, but that did not happen when we saw the games. The sailor hornpipe ended the dancing late in the afternoon, and for it the men changed their picturesque costume for plain white linen clothes and broad blue collars and straw hats. One man did extremely well, and gave such a good idea of hauling in ropes and of other ship occupations that we were forcibly reminded of the Atlantic.

Trials of stength.

While these amusements were going on in the foreground, throwing the stone, hammer, and caber went on a little distance beyond. The stone, a ball about eight inches in diameter and twenty-eight pounds in weight, is first poised in the right hand on a level with the head, the left arm is raised up as a sort of balance, the thrower stands with his back turned towards the direction he is to throw, and turns suddenly round and flings his missile. The greatest distance we saw thrown was twenty-six feet. The hammer is an iron bar about a yard and a half long, with a ball at one end five inches in diameter. The men plant themselves firmly, grasp the bar in one hand and whirl it around their heads with gradually increasing speed till about the fifth time, when suddenly they send it whizzing through the air, and it alights many yards off. We saw one sent ninety-eight yards. I was more surprised at this feat and the grace of

the dancing than anything else in the sports. Next came tossing the caber, a pole fifteen yards long, placed in a hole some depth in the ground to keep it steady. Each competitor took it out in succession and tossed it as far as he could. This must have been difficult to do, as no one tossed it very far. After this came foot-races, and the whole ended with a tug of war between sets of men from different districts. This is the most exciting event of the day in the eyes of the participants and their friends, as it gives the winners collectively great importance, and raises their neighborhood to the honor of being able to boast of having the strongest men. Eight men, about a yard and a half apart, stand at each end of a rope and pull against each other, and it is very soon seen which is the stronger team.

The return.

When the games were over, we returned to our luncheon ground, boiled some water, made tea, and prepared to return home. It was too late to think of taking the short cut across the moors, as, however bright the moon might be at one moment, we feared she would not give us steady light enough to avoid all the snares and pitfalls hidden in the thick, springy heather.

Such a getting started! First the break wending its way spasmodically through vehicles of all kinds, much to the annoyance of the spirited horses, which were eager to be of, and chafed at being hedged in by the crowd. Then the village-cart, followed by the gillies, with the moor ponies bringing up the rear, and our solitary horseman riding backwards and forwards, threatening this driver with vengeance, and earnestly entreating that one to get out of the way. Besides games there had been whiskey, and now excitement was added; but a little patience, and we were out of the thickest of the throng, and by the

time the ponies left us three miles ahead to cross the moors, not more than six or eight vehicles were near us. It was close on sunset when we left the glen; the sky was in patches of golden red floating on pale light, and the soft glow on the mountains was exquisite. It was nearly full moon, and we had plenty of light to convey us safely up and down steep hills and round sharp turns, and the cool evening air refreshed us after the hot sun in which we had been sitting during the day; for the sun can pour down quite hot in Scotland once or twice during the summer, though in the shade it is always cool, and most of the time one's energies are occupied in endeavoring to keep warm. Our twenty-six-mile drive home was most enjoyable, though now and then we were a little anxious as to the route, as none of us had been by it before, and we were bent on illusive, short cuts. At last we turned a corner, and found ourselves on a well-known road, eight miles from home, and another hour brought us up to the door, the horses coming in at a fair pace after their long trip. The roads in Scotland are good, on the whole, but they are hilly, and many are so steep that going down is done much more slowly and with greater difficulty than going up, and the carriages being heavy, the pace in long journeys is not very fast, however good the horses are. The slowness of the travelling, however, is fully compensated by the beauty of the scenery, which in some parts resembles Switzerland, without, however, having mountains anything like as high.

Ptarmigan shooting.

Another day we received an invitation from some neighbors on the next shooting to join their party, who were going after ptarmigan on one of their moors, which lies three thousand feet high. The invitation was a conditional one as to date, and to

depend on the weather and the north wind, owing to the position of the moor. Wind and weather being favorable for the first day that was fixed, we dressed ourselves in very warm clothing for the time of the year, according to advice given us, and drove over to our neighbors' by a short cut of three miles, and arrived at half-past ten. From there we started on ponies for our expedition, our party being made up of seven guns, six on-lookers (four of whom were ladies), twenty gillies, and a couple of pack-ponies carrying the luncheon and the extra wraps.

Getting off was, as usual, rather an affair, though our hosts were ready and waiting for us; but we managed it without any unreasonable delay. Some of the party were not familiar with moor ponies, and were rather anxious as to their behaviour; others were bent a little too much on managing them. These ponies are in reality the safest of creatures, and if they occasionally stumble, they pick themselves up again at once. They are dreadfully hard-mouthed and obstinate, and if they take it into their heads to go in one direction, they are apt to do so, whatever may be the riders' wishes on the subject. They get into this habit from being allowed to find their own way, as they can tell by the scent, it is said, where the bogs are better than human beings can. One of the strangers in the party was determined to insist on managing his steed according to his own ideas on the subject, and he very soon found himself floundering in a bog, with his wife close behind him, doing the same. They were able, fortunately, to step off the ponies' backs on to the firm ground, and were none the worse except for the fright; and after struggling and being tugged and hauled at, the ponies were pulled out. Serious accidents sometimes happen in the bogs, rather from injuries received in the difficulty of

getting out, I believe, than from being actually engulfed, as sinking more than four feet is a slow process in most bogs.

About half a mile on our way, we passed through a pine wood with large open spaces in it covered with a thick carpet of heather in full bloom, with tiny yellow pine trees shooting up amid the many-shaded purple. It was wonderfully pretty, and there was so much of it. After leaving the pine woods, we soon came to the open moors, looking cold and grand on this truly autumnal day, though only the twenty-sixth of August, and five miles further on brought us to the foot of our big climb, not far from the top of the moors.

Getting ready for the sport.

Here all except the ladies dismounted, and the last preparations were made for the sport. The ladies rode another half mile, accompanied by the two gentlemen who had not guns. Then they dismounted also, and all joined forces, and made the tour of the three tops of the curved hill of which the moor consisted. The shooters were placed up and down the hill about fifteen yards apart, each man with his keeper close up, the spectators keeping above them in order to overlook the sport and the landscape—that is, if one could call the view we saw a landscape, for it seemed rather a cloudscape, and as if the earth had been drawn up into the sky. There was peak after peak of every kind of shape looking something like an immense heaving sea that had been tossed up and suddenly turned into solid masses, and the waves left crowding on one another; and in pity or thankfulness for the transformation, the clouds lay over them as a reminiscence of their ocean birth. The day was gray as gray could be, and the faint glimmering of sun, that streamed hesitatingly through the haze, lighted

mildly up but a few favorable spots, but not sufficient to raise the coloring of the hills beyond a dull, dull purple and other sombre tones. Blank, and dreary, and huge these hills and moors looked, partly owing to the misty air and partly to their solitude, as there was no animate nature to be recognized, except our party and the ptarmigan as they rose. In the distance were the woods of Braemar, Balmoral, Invermark, and others, distinguishable by their slightly lower levels from moors near them, but, excepting in that particular, presenting no difference in appearance from the bare hills.

Haunts of the Ptarmigan

The moor we were on, like all haunts of the ptarmigan, is made up in great part of slaty gray-and-white stone. This resembles in color the plumage of the bird at this time of the year, which is gray on the back and head, and pure white under the wings and breast, so that in rising it looks perfectly white. Later on in the winter the moor is covered with snow, and by then the ptarmigan has turned white all over, so as to be in unison with the ground. As these birds were lying among the slaty rocks, they were difficult to discern, even at a moderate distance, owing to the similarity of color and tone. They rose in coveys from six to eleven birds, very quietly and swiftly, and if a sharp lookout were not kept, they were up and out of gun-shot before any one was ready to shoot. After they were shot, it was often tiresome work to find them among the rocks, though our friends had a capital retriever, which did good service, and was more petted than hunting-dogs usually are.

After we had gone over the hills once, we turned round and descended into a sheltered spot formed by a curve in the hills, and took luncheon with an appetite that had been sharpened for the last half hour by spying it being

prepared. We had not found it so cold as we had expected, the thermometer only registering forty-four degrees, as against sixty degrees in the valley below, and we were very warmly dressed. Our friends told us, however, we were most lucky in the day, as a bitter wind had been blowing at their former visits. Before sitting down, they insisted on our putting on extra heavy wraps, but, in spite of this precaution, we were soon cooling off at a rapid rate, that even all kinds of good cheer did not arrest We warmed up again after starting to walk after luncheon, and after another turn was made, this time in the opposite direction, we prepared to set out homewards.

The ponies went off in good spirits and dashed along at full speed, followed by their friends. They have decided likes and dislikes; some insist on leading and some on following; one will stand perfectly still any length of time next to another, while nothing will induce him to remain half a second quiet by a third; and if his friend by accident gets ahead without his seeing him start, away he darts without sign or warning, and cannot be induced to stop until he catches up. On the level it is a matter of indifference; but coming down hill at full speed, over stones and heather, and swerving at sharp angles to miss a bog, raise a doubt in the mind of a novice in ponies, whether they are as safe as they are reputed to be.

We had several startling gallops on the way home, which ended with sudden stops, and afforded us much amusement. By half-past six we were back at the shooting-lodge, and, after partaking of the cup of tea hospitably offered us after the fashion of the country, we took leave of our hosts and reached home an hour later. The ladies of the party were surprisingly little tired with their trip of eight hours of almost uninterrupted riding and walking;

which we ascribed principally to the bracing air, with a little passed to the account of the good time that they had had. MILDRED RUSSELL.

FROM SCOTLAND TO HAVRE, ROUEN AND PARIS.

PARIS, *October*, 1885.

PACKING up our traps in Scotland after three months of settled life made us feel like soldiers once more on the march after having turned lazy with being so long in barracks. But when the trouble of packing was over, our spirits rose immediately, with the rapidity, indeed, of the disembodied ones that are always ready to rise in this land of visions.

We left Forfarshire on the afternoon of the 6th of October, and soon Perth came into view. This time the bustling station was astir with parties of people of all kinds returning south, or who had come to the station to see what was going on. Members of the Queen's family on their way from Balmoral, her favorite home, were taking the express for London in the guise of ordinary citizens. Highland soldiers from the Perth garrison in their picturesque uniforms, and stray members of Parliament, endeavoring to look as if they had thrown off the cares of ambition; sportsmen, too, were here with their dogs and a retinue of servants laden with gun-cases and other accessories, while a hail-storm of broad Scotch dialect was pelting round and mystifying the Saxons, who could not make anything out of it except that it was unmistakably bewildering.

In spite of very fine weather, London was not looking its best, owing to the streets being half empty of carriages

and people, for as yet no one, who calls himself anybody, owns to having returned to his town home. Still, in comparison with the Scotch moors, there were crowds, and we made our way along with a renewed sense of living in a world of throbbing humanity, instead of an untold expanse of heather and one's next-door neighbor miles away. As we went on the sight was indefinably and pleasurably exciting, and was like an electric shock, awakening us into life again after months of dozing. After a short time in London, devoted to affairs of no general interest, we took the train and went to Southampton, a seaport about midway on the southern coast of England. The country along this line is of pretty English type, slightly hilly, with white chalk cuttings suggesting the cliffs of Dover.

Across to Havre.

From Southampton we crossed over to Havre. We had no sooner taken a cab on leaving the boat than unmistakable signs of France showed themselves. Half a dozen times between the boat and the railway station our driver got into an altercation with other drivers, or else with foot-passengers crossing the street, as to the right of road. Whichever side had the worst of it began hurling abuse at the one which had the best of it; then came retaliation, which only ended as a new altercation began. Havre lies at the mouth of the Seine, and is a comparatively modern town, well built and planned, and the most important French seaport on the Atlantic. The country is flat and seemingly fertile between Havre and Rouen; poplars in rows miles long are marked features of it, and so are willows, swaying backwards and forwards, and drooping over the water as if they had posed themselves in imitation of Corot's pictures.

Rouen.

At Rouen we stayed a couple of nights, to see the Cathedral and churches, but the shortness of

time and the worst possible weather prevented our doing so to advantage. We had therefore only a cursory view, and came away with vague impressions of innumerable stained-glass windows of mellowness of tint unattainable till the work of the artist has been touched up by the hand of cunning old Father Time. Towers, pillars, and façades, rows of archways and exquisite carving, come slowly in panoramic succession before our minds, as if the grand whole had been taken to pieces, and each detail was content to be on its own merits without any additional glory reflected on it.

Rouen is seen to great advantage from the railway, going in the direction of Paris. The spires and towers, the Seine and its banks and islands, make it decidedly picturesque. The Seine winds constantly, and is as constantly crossed by the railway, and undoubtedly here runs through one of the prettiest parts of France. A couple of hours' ride by train brought us in sight of the "Arc de Triomphe" of Napoleon I., and soon afterwards we were comfortably housed in our hotel. MILDRED RUSSELL.

VISIT TO FONTAINEBLEAU.

PARIS, *November*, 1885.

FONTAINEBLEAU lies in a southwesterly direction, about two hours by rail from Paris. It is a long-drawn-out town, without animation or distinguishing characteristics of its own, and resembles innumerable other small French towns. Its forest and chateau, however, are unique.

The people of Fontainebleau take even more pride in their forest than they do in the chateau. It is a place of resort for old and young, rich and poor, for long drives

and pic-nics, for walking excursions suited to the robust, and for shady spots where the feeble and weary sit and sun themselves. It is near enough to Paris for parties of pleasure to come out for the day and visit, and in the fine weather numbers avail themselves of the opportunity. At Whitsuntide, and a few days before and after the fourteenth of July, and other Parisian *fêtes* of the people, Fontainebleau is crowded with visitors of the wealthier classes from the city, who come out to escape the holiday-making. Then the prices at the hotels rise to suit the occasion.

Deer-hunting.

We went in a carriage to see deer-hunting in the forest, and appreciated the fine roads that are so arranged at radiating angles that one centre commands a view of many ways, and enables others beside riders to enjoy the sport. These roads are intersected by others, so that the whole plan is as if the spokes of a wheel were intersected in every direction. This arrangement is common to other French forests. The meet was very pretty, though a small one. Most of the hunters came in carriages, and had their horses sent on before. The Duc of Bellune, in military uniform, with the Duchess and their two little daughters, arrived in a landau, and an English lady and gentleman, in hunting costume, came in a T cart. An English girl about eighteen years old was on horseback, and, being a little late, arrived at full speed, with her horse looking as if it had already done half a day's work.

There was the usual chatting and going round to the various carriages to give friendly greetings preparatory to starting, just as is done in England at a fox-hunting meet. Then the hounds threw off on pretty good time. These dogs are large without being enormous, and are the

same kind as English fox-hounds. About fifty of them are in a pack; some of them are kept in leash till the others are tired out. As soon as the start is made to look for a deer, the attendants and hunters ride up and down the various lanes near where they know the animal is likely to be, and search the ground carefully to find the foot-marks made in crossing. Our driver, an old servant in the hunt, and enthusiastic on the subject, was delighted when he found a track, and took pride in pointing it out to the hunters as about a dozen of them came up. The huntsman wound his horn to give the signal of a first find, and then some of the riders went on to the next turn in the lane so as to get to the other side of the enclosure and surround their prey. It is almost impossible for the riders to go through the trees and brushwood; they are obliged to leave this proceeding to the dogs, and content themselves with galloping up and down the lanes and trying to circumvent the deer. When the dogs find a deer which leads them in an opposite direction to that expected by the main body of the hunters, the attendants gallop off and give information on the subject We began to be rather tired of waiting one day, and had turned up one of the side-paths to explore a little on our own account, when, thirty yards ahead of us, a stag came bounding out of the trees and crossed the road with the pack of hounds after him. It was a pretty sight, and we had no compassion for the hunted stag, for he was as fresh as could be, but the hounds were fagged, and their tongues were hanging out of their mouths, though they were eagerly pressing forward. None but ourselves were to be seen, and our driver took the liveliest satisfaction in giving the "Tally-ho," which is cried out by every one who has a spark of feeling for the chase, so that all the rest may hear the game has been seen.

An interesting pile.

The Chateau or Palace of Fontainebleau, in the middle of the forest and close by the town, is an irregular and extensive pile of buildings, erected at various periods around several courts. The Oval Court, the oldest and most picturesque of the five courts, has an outer gallery on a level with the state apartments, and it was usual for the kings and queens, and their attendants, to assemble on it on various occasions of outdoor shows. The *curé* after the hunt, or letting the dogs loose on the dead stag that they might eat it, was one of the frequent sights. This was usually after dark, and while the ladies and gentlemen stood on the gallery, any of the people who chose came into the court below. There was generally a crowd, as this was considered, and indeed is now at an inhabited castle, an interesting event, and is rarely omitted when a stag is caught. As it takes place by torchlight, there certainly must be in the "*cour ovale*" Rembrandt-like effects of light and shade thrown by its irregular shape and many salient points and the glare whenever a *curé* is held.

The town of Fontainebleau has several religious institutions. We attended the little chapel of the Carmellite Convent on the occasion of an interesting occurrence during our stay. We went an hour before the service began, in order to be sure of getting a seat, yet we found the chapel more than half full, and soon it became packed, and the open space outside invaded for standing-room.

Taking the Veil.

The event which brought this crowded congregation of part-curious and criticising and part-sympathising spectators was the taking of the black veil by a lady who had just completed the usual preparatory novitiate. Though the door behind the grating on the right hand of the altar was closed, we could

hear the chanting of the nuns behind it, and even distinguished some of their words, such as "*Ora pro nobis*," and similar petitions following each other closely. Soon after the nuns had finished, one of the two attached to the convent, whose duty it is to transact the affairs connected with the outer world, and who therefore goes about unveiled, came out and lighted the candles, and attended to the other duties of a servitor. She looked rather odd moving about the space surrounding the altar in her quaint gauffred cap and clinging black garments. The bell began to toll, and then the doors behind the grating opened, and we saw through the bars the veiled sisters flitting backwards and forwards. The singing boys and priests came in, the bell tolled again, and a movement of expectation vibrated through the congregation. At last the young lady about to take the vows arrived. She was dressed as a bride, in a white satin dress with a long train, a wreath of orange-blossoms on her head, and a bridal veil of tulle. She carried a tall candle in her hand, and walked up the aisle, serene and composed, and leaning on the arm of her mother. Her father, two brothers, and a lady friend followed. The family party seated themselves in front of the grating, and the service began. After a few chants, a preacher ascended the pulpit and delivered a sermon, or rather an address, to the new sister, dwelling especially on the life of prayer and contemplation, to which this order is devoted, and on the satisfaction to be derived from it.

Giving the blessing.

When the address was over the Bishop gave the blessing, then he headed the procession of priests and acolytes, which closed with the "bride" and her family. They walked out of the church to a small door in the convent wall, near which the priests

divided, some standing one side some the other, in order that the bride and her family might pass through. The bride seemed thrilling with ecstasy and emotion, and regardless of incidental circumstances; for when her long train stuck on the damp, muddy ground and hindered her walking, and one of her brothers stooped and bore it up, she did not seem to notice it, excepting that, the hindrance being removed, she passed on. At the door of the convent wall she turned and kissed her family, then, kneeling by the threshold, she kissed the bishop's hand and received his blessing. As she rose, we saw through the open doorway the heavily veiled sisters of the order and the other nuns waiting to receive her, then the door was shut, the sound of closing heavy bars was heard, and the people without returned to the church. The service continued while the new nun was being disrobed of her bridal attire, and before it was over we saw through the grating some of the veiled sisters approach, one of whom we were told was the novice. The French law forbids religious vows to be made for more than a year, at the expiration of which they may be renewed or the convent may be left; as a rule, however, the nuns remain faithful to the order which they have adopted. The bridal dresses worn by the novices on the day they take the veil are cut up and embroidered for priests' vestments.

MILDRED RUSSELL.

FROM PARIS TO NICE.

December, 1885.

WE left Paris at seven o'clock in the evening, and at that moment the streets were looking far brighter by lamp-

light than we had seen them for some time, for the weather had been atrocious. No good, honest cold weather, but damp and muggy, and really too warm for winter clothing, while we shivered in thinner; so in spite of its many attractions, we were not sorry to leave the gay city for the Riviera. We passed Lyons in the night, and looking out on it through the car-windows, we pronounced it a city of really respectable size, even judged from an American point of view. By daybreak we passed Montelemar, its ancient, ruined castle, and a stretch of pretty scenery, and before long we came on the olive-groves, which announce a warmer climate. Then we began to think we had brought too many fur rugs and cloaks, and wished we had not travelled in our Scotch summer clothing, and we abused the railway company for heating the cars. Soon we came to Avignon, and that took our attention off whilst we discussed Laura and Petrarch, the Popes, and John Stuart Mill. We agreed, however, it would be better to let John Mill rest in his quiet grave without further comment, while we enjoyed the feeling of being in the land of romance and poetry.

At Tarrasçon, an old castle, and beside it the spire of a fourteenth-century church, plainly proclaimed a time long antedating railways, when sites were chosen so that people could not get at the towns, and not because they could. King Réné, of Anjou, the minstrel king and friend of every singer, was once lord of this country, and Tarrasçon was his capital. Every mile makes us realize we are advancing into the South, though as yet we are but on the edge of it. The country people begin to have the happy-go-lucky look of the South, and do not wear themselves out by hurrying up and down. Their soft Provençal accent strikes pleasantly on the ear in spite of its character

for barbarity having been instilled into us from a Parisian point of view. The ever-widening Rhone, and more and more olive-trees, trimmed flat on the top so as to catch all possible sunlight and ripen the fruit early, and then we come to Marseilles. From this point the real beauty of the journey begins, and after a short time we see the Mediterranean, soft and calm, and rocks, islands, and olive-groves in profusion. The olive trees are no longer trimmed to a certain shape, as in the country north of Marseilles, for here they easily get sun enough, and are allowed to grow as they choose. In the sunlight they look as if they were pale-green snow-clouds enshrouded in a haze of lazy passivity.

The systematic olive-pickers gather the fruit from the tree by hand. Having ascended by means of a ladder, they go leisurely to work either because they have nothing else to do, or because they enjoy this occupation, and so spin it out as long as possible. Others let the fruit fall on the ground, and all along our Riviera route we saw groups of old women and girls employed in picking it up. If the olives are needed for oil, they are left on the tree till they turn quite black, as in that state they have more oil in them. Soon after leaving Marseilles we were quite overcome with the heat, and suddenly decided to pack up rugs and wraps and bid them a cheerful adieu.

After Toulon, the Mediterranean and the orange-trees are the constant companions of our journey, and bring us to the beginning of the Riviera, its endless sheltered bays covered with towns and villages that have now become the winter homes of many natives of northern countries. This whole coast has been appropriated, and each year the towns and villages are increasing in size. Cannes, the aristocratic dame of them all, is not seen at her best as

we pass her in the railway. In the bay of the next stopping-place, Antibes, eight of the French fleet were at anchor, but these big war-ships, though fine to look at, seemed a little out of character with this quiet, peaceful sea and health-sought-for shore.

Nice. A few minutes brought us to Nice, our destination, and to summer weather. We sat with the windows open most days, and all day long loitered about by the sea and under the olive and orange-trees. One afternoon we drove by the lower Corniche road that skirts the sea to the Bay of Villefranca, where the Pensacola, with the stars and stripes flying, lay at anchor. If she is not the biggest ship in the world, she is at any rate popular, and much better-looking from an unprejudiced land point of view than many of her more warlike and dreaded foreign cousins.

Cannes. We made an excursion to Cannes, which presents a different appearance when seen from its streets to what it does from the railway. Few places have a larger collection of villas of all kinds and sizes, some low down on the esplanade close on the sea, others on the slopes of the hills and half hidden in lovely gardens, and some high up and commanding wide-sweeping views, but necessitating an amount of climbing that only the active are capable of undergoing. There are several large hotels redeemed from some of the nuisances of their class by having true Riviera gardens of palms, orange trees, and an abundance of flowers, where guests can appropriate odd nooks and corners, and not be continuously before each other's eyes. And all the houses and gardens bathed in sunshine!

The day was perfect. The Mediterranean was a deep blue; the mountains at each end of the Bay of Napoule,

on which Cannes is situated, and which protect it, were soft and hazy, and the air was pleasantly bracing. We drove along the shore to a large orange-grove, the so-called garden of Hesperides; then we mounted the side of the hill, and went towards Frejus, then back again to the Cap de la Croisette, where we mounted a rock to see the view, which includes a long, wavy sea line, mountains, and the Island of St. Marguerite. Imagine a place where all the elements combine to show themselves to the best advantage, and then add every comfort of high and refined civilization, and that will be a picture of Cannes. Our charming Nice looked rather gay and flaunting to us after our visit to her simpler and more aristocratic sister. Both revel in flowers. Cannes pours them out over her garden walls, as if there were really no room for them within; but Nice gathers them in, and crams many a shop-window in overwhelming profusion. MILDRED RUSSELL.

A CHARMING DRIVING TOUR.

GENOA, *December*, 1886.

A DRIVE along the Riviera in winter has the advantage of an absence of dust and of long hours of blinding sunshine, two elements that are very unpleasant in the warmer months. The days, too, being short, no temptation arises to take such long distances as to weary out the travellers beyond any possibility of enjoyment and to make them lose courage and take to the railway. It is true that, in choosing the month we did, there is a risk of encountering wet days; but as we did not have any, we pity the people born less lucky than we were, and do not let the objection count. We went the first part of the way in a landau as

afternoon drives, and started from Nice. As soon as we left the town a third horse was added to help us up the hill, which at first we hardly realized as the only one, and comprising nearly half the distance to Monte Carlo. The two driving routes between Nice and Mentone are called respectively the old and new Corniche roads The old Corniché, which we chose, was made by Napoleon I., and is very striking. It is broad and well-made, and on the whole safe-looking, which is saying a good deal when its extremely winding character is taken into consideration. The ascent is surprisingly well-graded and uniform, and nowhere does it come under the definition of very steep.

Beautiful views.

The views along it have a world-wide celebrity for beauty, and we were lucky in having perfect weather to enjoy them. As we mounted, we saw the whole plan of Nice, and the advantage of position of its ancient castle, once strongly fortified, now turned into a pleasure resort. It is situated on a detached hill, with steep rocks towards the sea, and narrow, sharply-sloping sides inland. The tops of the snow-covered Alps and an expanse of sea formed our next view; then we came to the heart of the mountains, and gradually winding reached the observatory; then, higher and higher, we came on the Ladelt Fort, and then further on to the Pacanaille. These forts are at the summit of the pass, and command the road on both inclinations, and they are kept in effective condition. Though nothing could be wilder than this part, yet occasionally a little nook sheltered to the north and exposed to the full south was cultivated with vegetables.

After the forts, we passed for some time along the barren, steep side of a mountain of solid rock, and then we began the descent, and soon came on an exquisite peep of the Medi-

terranean far below us, and softly blue, but not the magic blue of the spring. Ahead of us we saw some perpendicular rocks with a fanciful resemblance to a ruined and deserted city dropped down from the clouds.

A curious village.

Soon we disputed over them, and one of our party argued that they might be inhabited dwellings, without, however, convincing the rest. A mile or two further brought us to a less precipitous side of them, and we discovered they formed a veritable village at the top of a mound-like hill, and approached by a perilously-steep and winding road. At the same time that we saw this curious village of Eza, we had an almost limitless view of the sea and its deeply-waved coast.

After awhile we came to "La Turbie," a village at the summit of the ridge connecting Mount Agel and the Tête de Chien. This is a favorable point for pedestrian excursions from Monte Carlo for those who can accomplish the feat of climbing up a mountain side nearly as steep as a house wall, and who can also tear themselves away from the Casino. La Turbie is immediately above Monte Carlo, though entirely hidden from it, with the exception of the top of its old Roman tower. This village came on us unexpectedly, as none of us dreamed of finding one so high up. It has a magnificent view, and was decidedly the most Italian-looking place we had seen, some of the houses being built with the true Italian *loggia* or verandah on the roof, either open through or formed by having a recess railed off in front of the house, instead of having a continuous straight wall. The round tower, a Roman construction, with one side sliced off by age or misfortune, is supposed to have been built under Augustus, to commemorate the final subjugation of the native tribes, and to have been used for hanging up the trophies of victory.

From this point the road continues to descend steadily, and almost immediately after leaving La Turbie, we caught sight of the dome of the Casino. We skirted the barren and rocky, precipitous side of the range of mountains with a tingling sensation in the soles of our boots. Not that there was any danger, but looking down at the sea, almost sixteen hundred feet beneath, did not impress us with a sense of security, in spite of the goodness of the road. However, we pretended we did not mind it in the least.

We trotted along at a good pace for some time high up above Monte Carlo, and then we left it behind us till we came to our last village, Roquebrune, and in sight of Mentone. There we made a sudden turn backwards, and came nearly down to the edge of the sea We forget it is winter. The ornamental trees in the gardens are beautifully green, and though the roses are but scattered, the walls are still covered with heliotrope in blossom, and the morning-glories are rampant.

The next morning we threw open the windows, to let in the soft, balmy air, donned our summer clothing, and soon sallied out to enjoy a stroll round. The French fleet were off the bay, with the intention of going through their gun and torpedo practice. We saw the water spout up far beyond where we had thought the horizon was, but it was impossible for us to judge how far the shots went. It was quite an interesting sight. The ships were first drawn up in line, firing one after another; then they were drawn up in two lines diagonally from the shore and fired again.

During our visit to Monte Carlo, we saw guests who were here in the spring. We wondered if they were passers-through like ourselves, or if they have been here gambling hard all the time. We also wondered if they made the same remarks about us.

The real start.

From Mentone we made our real start on the driving tour We had a carriage drawn by four horses, with bells round their necks and foxes' tails dangling from their heads. The baggage was satisfactorily packed up behind, after a good many ways of arranging it had been tried, and we started at two o'clock for San Remo, expecting to be there in a couple of hours, but the crescent moon was shining in the cloudless sky when we arrived.

It was a lovely drive. We literally passed through a land of palms and olives and sweet-scented heliotrope.

The next morning we were up in good time, and were off soon after nine o'clock. Most of the day we saw the island of Corsica on the horizon, like a heavy, well-defined cloud, too far away for us to distinguish anything on it excepting that we thought we saw snow on the mountains. At twelve o'clock we stopped at Oneglia, and in less than half an hour luncheon was ready for us at the wayside inn. The whole country is thick with olive-trees, and Oneglia and the neighboring towns near are chiefly occupied in making oil. By two o'clock we started from Oneglia, and arrived at Alassio about five o'clock. There were two guests in the hotel; one was a deaf gentleman who had held undisputed possession for six weeks; the other was a lady who had been in residence for two days only, and who vigorously endeavored to communicate all her ideas and opinions to the deaf gentleman, who did not want to hear them. The latter complained bitterly of her to one of our party, so we sometimes wonder how they ended up. Alassio has a good beach, and is a summer bathing-place much visited by the Italians. Next day we lunched at Finalmente, and made a hurried visit to a handsome *renaissance* church, designed by the noted architect, Bernini.

We slept at Savona, a town charmingly situated, but within, it has an ultra-democratic, defiant look, that scarcely harmonizes with its surroundings. As we left next morning, we saw a young man, about twenty, lolling against a marble pillar with an ease and grace and true comfort impossible for practical people to attain, whose stiffness of mind keeps their bodies rigid, and refuses to lend itself to any such Sybarite relaxation. We often see men lying down on stone benches, or sitting on stone posts, with more than the exultant air of enjoyment that a small darky has on a barebacked mule. But our friend at Savona surpassed them all. He revelled in that stone column for a resting-place, and looked as if no other luxury in the world could tempt him away from it.

From Savona we went to Cajoleto, one of the many places on this shore claiming to be the birthplace of Columbus. Whilst luncheon was being prepared, we walked back to see the "House of Columbus," and found a fresco of him on the outside, and the well-known Latin lines about his having found a new world.

Our next halt was at Genoa, the point where the two Rivieras meet. This drive through the western one had revealed a new aspect of Italy to us. We had passed through some old towns with more than a suspicion of likeness in many ways to others all over Europe, but in the main they are vastly different to those where travellers usually stay, and where the hotels are but a slight variation from those of London or Paris. These old towns (many of them are very small) have houses in them as high as ordinary New York ones The principal street leading between these high houses, and through which we usually drove, is so narrow that any foot passengers in them at the same time that we were had to place them-

selves flat against the walls so as to get out of our way. We found our way of travelling delightful. We fully appreciated having nothing to do but to get into a carriage at the hotel door and start without further trouble, instead of facing the hubbub of a railway station. Then the views were beautiful. We saw the wavy outline of the coast far ahead, and behind us the sloping or steep sides of the hills covered with olive-trees, and occasionally with pines, and the Mediterranean the very picture of calmness. Many of the villages are perched high up on the terraced hills, and sometimes the children came running full tilt down from them by the long flights of steps made over the terraced ground. We were objects of curiosity, as people rarely drive through this district now, and we only met one carriage between Nice and Spezia, excepting close on the big towns.

Snow-capped mountains.

We had many a sight of the snow-capped mountains, bold rocks coming down to the sea, and fishing villages and bathing resorts clustered by the water's edge. At Savona there is some pretence at shipping, as well as at one or two small places. On the whole, however, we were greatly surprised to see so few ships.

Our actual drive into Genoa was the least pleasant of any part, as we went through rather pitiful-looking suburbs for about six miles. All the houses are large and high, and are divided on the tenement system, which, however, rises to the apartment one when inhabited by people who can afford to pay for large suites of rooms. The windows of these large houses, except those dwelt in by really wealthy tenants, are decorated with the family linen and other clothing hung out to dry or air, and this custom gives a deplorably poverty-stricken appearance, even though the garments

exhibited are pretty good. We certainly considered six miles of it a little too much, especially when we had to bear the nuisance of tramways all along the route, and found it impossible to dodge the rails. For once we were truly thankful to be out of the carriage and at rest in the hotel. MILDRED RUSSELL.

FLORENCE.

FLORENCE, *December*, 1885.

GENOA is the coldest and windiest spot on the Riviera, and we felt the change of temperature considerably, though in our last two days' drive it had been much less warm than from Nice to Mentone. The people of Genoa are always busy, and have not acquired the true Italian art of loitering around; but still some well-dressed passers-by did not disdain to stand and see us set off from the hotel for the completion of our driving tour.

From Genoa to Spezia.

Our first travelling carriage having been sent back to Nice, we took another, and started for the two days' drive from Genoa to Spezia. Similar beautiful views of sea and mountain, and picturesque ones of villages, lie on this route as on the other. Most of the houses we saw the first morning were painted elaborately on the outside in all sorts of designs. A favorite one is to have the blank sides painted as if they had rows of windows opening on to balconies or *loggie*. These windows usually have some of the green sun-blinds partially open so as to allow different members of the family to be represented as looking out, or else standing and bending over the railings of the verandah. The effect is rather striking at first, though after a while

the repetition of the same idea, with very little variety of expression, becomes monotonous. Some of the houses are handsomely painted, but some very crudely, especially as to the figures.

Nervi. The small town of Nervi is a much-frequented winter resort for delicate people to whom living in the open air is a necessity. In summer the Italians go to it for bathing, but the town has no pretension to fashionable appearance, for it is quite small, has its villas far apart, and is embedded in lemon trees, so that it is thoroughly rural. We lunched at Ruta, a village, to say the least, of modest belongings, but with a view of the sea and Genoa to the west that might atone for many deficiencies. Our afternoon drive was as beautiful as any we had taken. The towns—especially Rapallo and Chiavari—seen from a distance, look absolutely as if they are in the sea. They are placed on the flat land between the water's edge and the rising ground, and in the afternoon sunlight lost all prosaic reality and turned into poetic daughters of the ocean. It was getting dark when we came to Sestri Levante, our resting-place for the night. No lights were in the town, and our hotel was approached by an undeniably back street, preceded by others at awkward angles for a vehicle like ours. When we drew up it was opposite the gloomiest looking houses, which did not offer a very attractive picture, but the hotel fortunately turned out better than we expected. Next morning we were off in good time, for though this day's drive from Sestri Levante to Spezia was to be only a little longer than the others, the first half was nearly an uninterrupted ascent.

A pleasant drive. If not as famous as the Corniche from Nice to Mentone, it is as beautiful and more varied in character. As we went up we passed masses of

ice in the spots the sun failed to reach; and though we had no reason to complain of the cold, we could quite understand how intense it might be. We were told it is impossible for travellers to take this Bracco pass when it is windy weather, on account of its being so much exposed at many places, that it added the danger of being blown over the precipices to a temperature unpleasantly low. In the many windings we made, we saw some of the most primitive villages and people we had yet come across. Sometimes we were in bends of the mountains where olive-groves and vineyards were flourishing, then we made a turn, and skirted the bleakest of mountain-sides, where not a blade of anything grew along the road, that seemed to be hanging over unfathomable depths.

High up.

We went up about 2,200 feet, the highest part being amid bare serpentine rocks, that had a gloomy, forbidding aspect. We took luncheon at Borghetto, a primitive, uninteresting village, planted in a lovely spot. We next went for some time by the side of the Vara, a mountain torrent stream, with nearly dry bed when we passed. Then we began to descend steadily, and as we came towards Spezia the vineyards increased in number and size, very high hills being terraced to the top to form them. Every nook where the sun falls is utilized for cultivation, but where the exposure is such that the ground is always in shadow, nothing seems able to be grown. Spezia seemed to be a long time in coming, and we began to think it would be too dark for us to see it on entering, but suddenly, just after sunset, the bay and town burst into sight, brightened up by the light of the moon. It was a lovely scene. We were high up the side of one of the steep mountains that encircle the Bay of Spezia, and far below, and almost beneath our feet, lay the town,

so that it seemed as if we must drop perpendicularly into the middle of it instead of driving down. We descended by a steeply-graded winding road, that gave an opportunity of seeing the bay from many different points, the Carrara mountains, tipped with white, and the Italian warships forming a not inharmonious feature, backed up by the palest red and green and gold of the fading sunset sky.

On the bay of Spezia.

Next morning we took a row on the bay, simply for enjoyment and to localize its poetic associations. We looked up at the castle once the residence of Shelley and Byron, and wondered that surroundings so calm and gentle could not have tamed those fiery spirits. The Italian Government is increasing the size of the dock-yard at Spezia considerably, and I presume would like to carry out the great Napoleon's dream, and make it the first in the world. Several large ships were in the docks, some being cleaned and renovated, and others in process of construction. The greater part of the important machinery in use comes from England, and the name of Armstrong, a well-known English maker, appears repeatedly on the different pieces. There was one crane used for lifting the heaviest parts of the iron-clads into position that was formidable in size and power, and made one shudder as it lifted an enormous iron casing and transported it to the deck of the ship. We rowed out to see the Italia, the largest iron-clad afloat, and the pride of Italy at present. We spent half an hour on board, and saw the big guns and other show parts. The line of forticications is clearly seen from the bay, and shows an evident determination in the Italians to protect themselves at all hazards.

Our rooms looked over the bay, and from morning to night we found the greatest pleasure in watching the chang-

ing aspects of its beauty; early morning, its soft calmness; midday, with a blaze of sunshine pouring on it and flashing back a thousand sparkling lights and contrasting shadows, and the chastened moonlight throwing a mystic halo over it—all had their charms. We could not make up our minds when we liked it best; but as we took leave of it in broad day, the tyranny of last impressions seized us, and we decided that it is best when arrayed to defy the strictest scrutiny.

A couple of hours by train brought us to Pisa, across a flat, marshy-looking country formed around the mouths of the Arno. We stayed a couple of days to see the sights again—the Cathedral, Leaning Tower, Baptistery, and ancient burial-ground. As usual after absence from anything really beautiful, we had lost the impression of their attractiveness. It seemed we had half forgotten how well they stood and how easily the whole could be seen at a glance.

We often talk over our pleasant trip, and conjure up remembrances of the delicious morning air, the exquisite dreamy feeling of going along for hours in succession at an easy jog-trot, the ever-changing, ever lovely views, and last, and not least, the sense of not having to keep our minds and bodies up to the exact second of railway and Roman time. The inns where we stayed for luncheon always afforded us, among other things, macaroni, chickens, wine, coffee, and fruit; sometimes they were very good, and sometimes they were only medium; but they were luckily never all poor at the same place, so that if one failed we could make up on the others. As we came along we were constantly afraid of losing the fine weather, but except for the cold winds at Genoa, it was good enough to bear us company to the end, and not till we were domiciled in Florence did we realize that winter had caught us in its grasp. MILDRED RUSSELL.

SIGHT-SEEING IN BEAUTIFUL FLORENCE.

FLORENCE, *January*, 1886.

WE arrived in Florence for the holidays, and tried to make ourselves as comfortable as possible, considering we were far from home at Christmas-time, and in a country where the houses refused to be thoroughly warmed. Our parlor was large with that largeness, and empty with that emptiness, only to be found in Italy. The wood-fire burned on the hearth certainly, but it looked small—on a kind of inverse-ratio plan—and needed a field-glass to see it from the other end of the room with any sort of effectiveness. We shivered freely, and it was only after a considerable amount of this exertion that we succeeded in warming ourselves and raising our spirits. We afterwards changed our apartments and had a parlor less grand in Italian eyes, and fortunately less gloomy and penetratingly cold. The bed of the Arno was very low when we arrived, but after a few days it rained heavily, which caused the river to rise so high that, in spite of being told it was impossible, we were afraid the river would overflow its banks. Just opposite our hotel there is a weir, over which the water rushes with a continuous roar that sometimes becomes exasperating. By going out on the balcony and looking up stream, we can see the three bridges that cross the river near the heart of the town. The farthest off is the Ponte Vecchio, whose double row of shops, doomed shortly to be taken down, is not the least picturesque part of the scene. The three bridges cut the river and throw shadows across it in the broad sunlight, and the tall houses on the opposite side contribute an irregular line of reflection, so that, whether the Arno is thick with yellow mud or

comparatively clear, flowing quietly or tearing along over the shallow weir, there is always a variety of tints on it. Then campaniles, church-domes, loggie-house-roofs of every height and sloping at every angle, are on the sky-line, and what we lack in warmth and comfort we can make up in beauty. And then some days are magnificent, and give us a soft blue and silvery sky and a genial sun, when every one refuses to believe in the treacherous side of the winter climate of Florence.

Notwithstanding our steady sight-seeing last year, we find after all that it was very superficial when the quantity of notable things to be seen is taken into account. The Pitti, the most regal picture gallery in the world, I should think, adjoins the royal residence of the same name, and is on a level with the state apartments, and on occasions of court ceremony is used for additional reception-rooms for the guests. It would not be easy for any king or queen to assemble greater living celebrities than there are portraits of such, both men and women, on the walls. Nor could they surpass them in appearance, with respect to beauty, grace or dignity. Just now we have been studying the portraits, and trying to decide whether these characteristic individuals were flattered tremendously by the painters, or really had that impressiveness about them; or did the painter catch their accumulated character at a glance, as it were, and fix it on the canvas for ever?

A masterpiece of portraiture is Pope Julius II. as an old man. He is seated on a high-backed chair with his hands on the arms of it, and his keen eye and determined face make the spectator feel that he is accustomed to rule. Then another Pope, Leo X., a heavy-looking man, whose appearance is redeemed by that aggressive personality that fascinates and almost commands by its own weight.

Not far away are the refined and aristocratic, but sad looking Charles I. of England, and his Queen, painted by Van Dyck. Cardinal Inghirami, by Raphael, is perhaps as striking as any. He is writing, and, doubting what to say, has raised his compact, massive head in thought, perplexed indeed, but by no means approaching bewilderment. His plump hands, wonderfully painted, show strong indications of power. Besides the portraits, there are endless other pictures, among them numerous Madonnas, headed for true, pure beauty, by the "Madonna della Seggioula," well known by copies and prints. It is a round picture, in which the Madonna is seated in a chair, with the infant Christ on her knee and John the Baptist at her side. It is admired for the softly-loving expression of the young mother, and the truth to nature of the children, and, except for the glories round the heads, it is of a thoroughly mundane and charming type. This gallery contains six large rooms of pictures of the highest class, and several others of only slightly inferior interest.

We walked through the passage connecting the Pitti with the Uffizi gallery, on the other side of the Arno. It is lined with hundreds of portraits of well-known people, kings, queens, popes, princes and rulers of republics, most of them badly painted, but studied for periods of costume and for history. Following the portraits are engravings of different nations.

In the Uffizi gallery the arrangement is not the same as in the Pitti, for all the best pictures are collected in one room—the Tribune, octagonal in shape. These pictures form a group representative of the chief painters, and surpasses most others of the same size in artistic value. The domed ceiling of the Tribune has a painted background studded thickly with mother-of-pearl shells, and it is lighted

from the top. Professionals copy and re-copy the pictures in this room, and their easels take up so much space that they prevent sight-seers from inspecting the originals thoroughly.

In addition, there are five pieces of sculpture in the centre, which create an effect of still closer crowding. The statues are worthy of a room to themselves, and their fame is world-wide. After the Venus di Medici rank "The Wrestlers," taken just at the moment when one is overthrown and the other is still bending down over him, and the "Knife-Grinder," a Scythian, whetting his knife with the greatest gusto, and gloating over the idea of slaying Marsyas. In the picture of the "Madonna with the Cardinal Bird," by Raphael, the young Christ and St. John stand by the seated mother, and are sturdy, lovely children. Correggio shows the adoring mother kneeling and bending over her baby with intense affection in bright yet harmonious coloring. Till one has been many times to these galleries, it is impossible to attain to a just appreciation of the beautiful pictures they contain. Then there are many that, without any claim to beauty, illustrate a period of history or art or a sentiment, and are on these accounts worth studying. Above all, if any one would have the dimmest, true idea of the *renaissance* that made Italy what it was at its greatest lustre, he must come to Florence. For the walls of its churches are covered with the visible thoughts that influenced that era, innumerable paintings in the galleries bear witness to the culminating point, and its grand buildings—all unlike each other—testify to the originality of their designers in a way that is not seen in other cities.

Visible thoughts.

In the sacristy of the Church of San Lorenzo are some of the best-known and admired statues of Michael Angelo

—"Day and Night," "Evening and Dawn." They are recumbent, and consist of a male and female figure in each group placed facing each other, and surmounted by a portrait statue of one of the Medici family. They are allegorical, but no one knows exactly what they mean, so each can interpret them according to his own fancy. In gazing at them, one has an uneasy feeling that all sorts of emotions, and aspirations, and woes, and miseries are stowed away in these marble figures just as they are in our living, human brotherhood that throng around us. In thinking of them afterwards, one misses a certain inexpressible, indefinable charm that attracts one so powerfully when one stands before them, so that the remembrance of them, and actually looking at them, are two experiences that are sundered by gulfs of distance not to be spanned. Perhaps it is akin to the difference of being near our pleasantest friends and being far away from them.

The Spanish chapel in the cloisters of St. Maria Novella is entirely covered with frescoes. One side is the "Church Militant" and the "Church Triumphant," and among the numerous persons depicted are Cimabue, one of the earliest painters of note, Giotto, his pupil, who worked on the Cathedral and designed the Campanile, Petrarch and Laura, Philippe le Bel, of France, Boccacio, and Simone Memmi, said by some to be the principal painter of the chapel—an attractive set of people, who have kept their hold over other people's minds five hundred years.

Surrounding country.

Modern Florence is interesting, too. Many of the Florentines, besides having houses or apartments inside the town, have also villas within a short distance of it. The whole surrounding country is dotted with the villas, usually so planted as to

have the advantage of the magnificent views. We drove to Fiesole, an ancient town of note, and now a suburb of Florence, situated on the summit of one of the many hills near, and about two miles from the heart of the town. But as it is almost all up-hill, the distance seems much greater. Its bell-tower stands high, and seen from the valley, with a background of blue sky, is a well-known landmark. From Fiesole we went to the castle of Vincicaglia, recently built by an English gentleman, in imitation of an old one. Though the outside is effective, on entering it one perceives at once that it is a sham, and has never stood a siege, in spite of having a solid wall of masonry round it, parapets, turrets, narrow, steep stone stairs, oak doors with mediæval iron-work on them, and numberless suitable small details. It has the sunniest of gardens, and must be a charming place for summer picnics—the only kind of use to which the owner puts it.

Another modern castellated mansion is much more captivating to the fancy and likely to stir up all kinds of romantic thoughts. It is built in the style of a baronial hall, and stands on the slope of a hill so sheltered that palms and tender plants will bear winter exposure. The garden is of the true villa type, having busts and statues along most of its varied walks.

A museum.

Within it is a veritable museum of rare and beautiful objects, happily toned down to such a point as to make it a luxurious habitation for a family of cultivated tastes, and not merely a show place. The largest apartment in the house is a superb double hall or armory, said to contain the richest collection of rare pieces and suits of armor in the world. We did not doubt it, as we do many tales that are told us. The whole is genuine, except the copy of one in London and of one in the

Paris armory. The latter is entirely covered with heroic scenes in relief. In this armory of the villa are fourteen knights on horseback, and in full armor, some ready for battle, and some for the tournament. Each one corresponds in every point to a certain era, and several of them originally belonged to noted captains. Warriors were ready for battle, armed *cap-a-pïe*, others with chain-armor on, or with breast-plate, greaves, and gauntlets, stood or sat round by the dozen, and were realistic as well as picturesque. There were scores of gauntlets of all descriptions, spears, and bucklers of Japanese, Persian, and pretty well every kind of armor that ever was seen.

We wandered up and down amid the knights with plumed or crested helmets and caparisoned horses, and talked of the days of chivalry and what amount of difficulty there would be in guessing who was who when hearts beat and eyes flashed behind these layers of steel. A balcony at one end of this hall overlooks the whole length of it, and gives a more impressive sight than this sort of thing usually presents. Because of the arrangement, one might almost believe that the knights were only waiting the signal to begin, and there would be a tremendous onslaught. The rest of the rooms are decorated in a sumptuous manner with gold-and-silver embroidered curtains, rare inlaid furniture, collections of china of exquisite fineness, and many other valuable rarities; but the armory gave us the greatest pleasure, because of its novelty to us and its completeness. A modern semi-Italian, semi-English room looked over the prettiest part of the garden. It is Italian by its white-stuccoed internal walls covered with ornaments in relief, and English by its large plate-glass windows that take up three of the walls, and let in floods of light and warmth. Many other resi-

dences have features peculiar to themselves as these have, for Florence attracts by scores those persons who have money to indulge their special fancies, and time to devote to them. MILDRED RUSSELL.

FLORENCE.

FLORENCE, *February* —, 1886.

WE continue to explore Florence with never flagging interest, and have even been up 480 steps to the top of the tower of the Palazzo Vecchio, which holds the well-known bell "Vacca," that has sounded through centuries on important occasions. Nearly 300 feet above the ground we examined the prison where Savonarola lay for fifteen days previous to his death. It is really only a cell built in the thick wall, and is about twelve feet long by five feet wide. It has a slit on the outside for a window from which the prisoner could not look without his eye lighting on the church of Santa Croce, the stronghold of his priestly antagonists. Higher up we lose all thoughts of human suffering and hatred in the suprise that greets us. What a sight of the cathedral and campanile we have from the top of this Vacca tower! When in the streets close down beside them, the bulk of the cathedral is so overwhelming that an attempt to grasp it, as a whole, ends in utter failure, and the campanile is so tall that it is a neck-breaking proceeding to try and look up at the top. Then, on the first acquaintance, the strong contrast of the black, white, and red marble is apt to jar on the eye accustomed to Gothic evenness of color. But at this elevation all the symmetry and grace of form of the cathedral, and the calm, majestic beauty of the campanile,

A tall tower.

that for over five hundred years has stood unsurpassed, burst on us with a force of which we had never dreamed. The minute details of carving and tracery can only be detected close to them, but the grandeur of outline and height, and the domination they exercise over everything around is altogether lost, and can only be seen from above. Below one feels everything is too much crowded together; the houses are too near and too high, and it is not till one has been up to this elevated spot that the magnificent thoughts that created these beautiful forms can be appreciated. And when they are appreciated they keep such a hold on one that little else, for days after, has power to draw the mind away from the remembrance. We looked away a moment at the river, Santa Maria Novella and other campaniles, but soon turned back to the sight that kept us spell-bound. Going down we held our breath, and forgot to give even a thought to the tragic person who had excited our curiosity and wonder on the way up.

Lasting impression.

A propitiatory service and procession took place in the Cathedral late one Sunday afternoon. The high altar, which stands under the dome, was draped with gold and silver tissues, and at the time of the service a temporary barrier was put up from pillar to pillar in the nave, so as to enclose a wide central space, to which this imposing *reredos* formed the closing part. Candles innumerable shone on the tissues and created a blaze of light. For an hour before the service, the spectators began to assemble and waited with astonishing patience. First, the priests gathered by the altar, and then the *misericordia*, five hundred in number, and each with a lighted candle, came out of the sacristy two-and-two, crossed the choir, and walked on each side of the barrier in the nave. Shrouded in white

from head to foot, with only spaces cut in their garments for the eyes to see through, these men were not to be distinguished from each other. One led a little boy of five years old, carrying a candle, who, though the only child in the procession, did not seem the least afraid amid this troop of several hundred ghostly-looking beings. After the *misericordia* came the priests in their most gorgeous robes, then a superior under a baldachin of gold-colored brocade, supported by four acolytes, and last of all came about twenty men in plain clothes. They walked round the cathedral chanting a verse of a psalm alternately with the people. The service was held as a sort of revival to endeavor to lessen the blasphemous and treacherous language towards the Church. Many people came to see the procession from religious feelings, but many also from curiosity, and precautions were taken against any disturbance by having police scattered through the crowd. Just as the ceremony began, and the chief priest was standing in front of the altar surrounded by the others, and the first of the *misericordia* filing through the choir, the stray dog, inevitable in every church or cathedral in Italy, came down the centre of the nave. The attendants, whose duty it was to keep order, tried to catch him in a furtive way, but had to give it up, and so he wandered about till he was hidden by the thickening procession. No objection seems to be made to dogs or cats being in a sacred edifice in Italy; they seldom annoy any one, and as a rule are obedient to their owners and stay by them. These domestic animals give a home-like look to the churches, and it is almost needless to say, that the dogs belong to the poorer classes of the worshippers, and the cats are denizens of the place.

The longer the stay made in Florence, the more fascinating it is, and as the short winter passes away, the bad

days are fewer and the superb ones increase. Days of cloudless blue sky, and a bright pure sunshine that brings out incredible colors and tints from every stone, and brick, and drop of water, and a marvellous gradation of shadows, show some of the happy influences that have helped the Florentines to build up their city.

MILDRED RUSSELL.

FROM FLORENCE TO MILAN AND STUTTGART.

STUTTGART, *March*, 1886.

WE left Florence on a damp, rainy morning, so that our journey through and across the Appenines to Pistoja and Bologna did not permit us to see the country to the best advantage; and as we went on, the dullness of the day increased. However, many of the ravines and smaller valleys afforded us lovely peeps of scenery and of distant villages on the mountain-sides. Half an hour after leaving Pistoja, we crossed the watershed of the Adriatic and Tyrrhenian seas, an event we soon discovered, as the brooks ran in the opposite direction. Then we reached the highest point of the railway, two thousand and twenty four feet above the level of the sea, and in an hour were at Bologna, to which the slightly-leaning campanile and the odd-looking towers of the many churches gave a characteristic appearance.

After we left Bologna, the aspect of the country changed completely, for we had entered on the great Lombardy plain, though not as yet into Lombardy proper. Miles and miles of well-cultivated flat land, in many places laid out in squares or oblong patches, surrounded by narrow

runlets edged with trees. A wide range of crops is said to be grown on them, but, being winter, we saw only grass, vines, and various kinds of trees. The heaviest sky weighed down over everything like a pall, and our sight of this part of Italy strongly resembled the English fens, except for the forest-like thickness of the numerous trees around the divisions of the land. The temperature was not low, but the air had that shivery feeling peculiar to Italy when the sun does not shine.

Historic towns.

We passed through the historic towns of Modena, Parma, and Piacenza, all truly Italian, and with graceful campaniles and domes, and castles that once were threatening. Parma was decidedly the most beautiful, and, even under the grimmest of skies, stood out as a true daughter of the South. On arriving in Milan, we could not fail to remark one difference between the people of that town and the southern Italians. Perhaps it was owing to its being miserable weather; but at any rate there was very little lounging about the streets in Milan in the enjoyable, easy way that is frequent in Florence and the Riviera towns.

The Milanese are, as a rule, well off, owing to the situation of their city,—in the centre of a fertile district,—and are less dependant on outside influences than most other nhabitants in Italy.

Leonardo's "Last Supper."

One morning we went to see Leonardo da Vinci's painting of the "Last Supper." It was much less effaced and dim than I expected to see it, though I must own it is much damaged, and many pieces of it have peeled off. We had a good deal of curiosity beforehand as to what we should think of this much-talked-of, battered picture when we saw it We entered the empty, high, barn-like room,

about sixty feet long by twenty wide, and on one end of it we saw the picture. No wonder people rave over its depth and power. The Christ is in the middle of the long table, and faces the spectator, and is a representative or embodiment of the majesty of humanity that has lived face to face with the Divine, and verges on it Yet it is all human—human in its vast sympathy, and sorrow, and suffering, and bitter regret for the evil that others will insist on doing. Judas has risen from the table, and, with his face close to that of Christ, is asking his question eagerly and anxiously, as if to find out if he were already detected. The contrast of his face of low cunning and greed with that of the Christ is sickening.

The other discipless express various degrees of astonishment and horror at the idea of a traitor being among them. St. John, quite a young man, is almost fainting with emotion, while St. Peter's indignation is intense. I suppose it is both the most sublime and the most tragic picture that ever was painted, and comes nearer to one of the great acted tragedies than any other, by reason of its dramatic strength. This picture has been painted over, and touched up and cleaned, so that it is but a faint shadow of what it was originally. Still it has the nameless power inherent in true greatness that never leaves what it has once ennobled.

Public gardens.

Afterwards we took a drive through the public gardens, along the broad road devoted to carriages. Considering the time of the year, and the wretchedly dull day, there were a good many people out. The equipages were in fine style, and gave us another evidence of the wellbeing of the Milanese.

Cathedral.

Our first and last visits were paid to the cathedral, which is, after all, the one object that dis-

tinguishes Milan from other towns in the eyes of the majority of travellers. All acknowledge that it is worthy of its fame, not so much because it ranks in size next to St. Peter's, Rome, and the Cathedral of Seville, but because of the quantity of fine sculpture, and its grand effect as a whole. No transition from one style of architecture to another can be greater than passing from the daily sight of St. Maria del Fiore, at Florence, to Santa Maria, of Milan. The latter is Gothic of the highest period of development, and is covered with pinnacles and statues, and it is even said that inside and out there are seven thousand of the latter. Most sight-seers go up the tower and walk about the roof of the cathedral to see some of the fairy-like tracery, the ninety-eight turrets, and the two thousand statues with which the outside is ornamented.

The great tower.

We went up the winding stone steps inside the great tower as far as the first part of the roof, then we walked about it. The flying or arched buttresses that support the clerestory of the nave have but small space between them, and their sloping ridges are edged with pointed Gothic carving, resembling lace-work. This gives the most delicate and graceful effect, and, seen from a side view, reminded us of a hill-side in spring covered with young pine trees, and seemed almost as if swayed by a gentle wind. We next ascended inside a turret of Gothic sculpture, with many statues on it, to the highest part of the roof, getting on the way repeated views of this wondrous scene of chiselled marble. This upper part of the roof is often utilized as a pic-nic ground on *fête* days. At the time we were there, workmen were putting up scaffolding in order to complete one of the turrets. We went up the highest above the roof, and had a view of Milan. There is hardly a limit to what is said can be

seen on a clear day from this, the highest, point except the cross held by the statue of the Virgin. Our day was hopelessly cloudy and grim, so we could see nothing beyond the town; but we were told Mont Blanc, the St. Gothard, and many other peaks were within range, as well as nearly all Lombardy, under favorable circumstances. Whether little or much of the distant landscape is seen after climbing four hundred and ninety-four steps, I believe no equal sight of marble ornamentation can be had anywhere else.

The whiteness of the marble contributes to the beauty of the whole, and is a contrast to the darkness of the stone of most Gothic cathedrals. The interior is fine, but it cannot vie in uniqueness of interest with the exterior. It has four rows of high columns, with capitals formed of statues in separate niches. Three enormous modern stained-glass windows occupy nearly the whole of the eastern apse, and look like a transparent jewelled background from the west. They are made in 365 compartments a foot and a half square, and are principally copies of old pictures. The underground chapel of St. Carlo Borromeo, one of the chief saints of Milan, is covered with reliefs in gilded bronze, and one of the sacristies has many solid silver ecclesiastical objects, including statues of saints and bishops, some valuable enamels, and a golden pyx. A bronze tree-shaped candelabrum, ten feet high, set with precious stones, stands in the north transept, and bronze statues forming a monument to two of the Medici family are in the south. A queer statue of St. Bartholomew is also in the south transept. It represents the saint flayed alive and holding his skin rolled up over his shoulder As an anatomical study it is considered excellent, but it is somewhat out of place. The enormous façade of the ca-

thedral is marred by having *renaissance* doors and other features in the Gothic plan. It overlooks a piazza or square of considerable size in which, at the carnival, a three-tiered building is erected for balls and other amusements. Coming fresh up from the South to the true Gothic architecture once more, we were struck with the lack of repose in the effect it produces, compared with the Greek and renaissance buildings. There seems something akin to perpetual restlessness and endless aspirations in the numberless pinnacles, small towers, and statues with which Milan Cathedral is decorated. It is as if the men who designed it must have been continually hoping for something higher, and so could never take the real, calm satisfaction and enjoyment in their work, that the renaissance men did in theirs. It may be they were more religious and less artistic.

Before starting on our journey northward by the St. Gothard tunnel we had an idea that we ran the risk of being frozen to death in attempting such a feat in the middle of winter. We left Milan as we had found it, under the gloomiest of skies and very much as if several inches of snow were about to fall, but by the time we had reached

Como.

the Lake of Como we were in a land of a much more genial type. The town of Como is romantically situated on the lake, and is extremely beautiful. From here on, till we approached the Lake of Lucerne, we had a succession of magnificent views. We had also a nearly cloudless sky and bright sun, so that we were at times too warm. The high peaks of the mountains stood out clearly above the wild gorges and sunny valleys, and here and there towns dropped down in favorable spots. Lugano, close on the lake of the same name, has a mild-winter climate, as we could tell by the vegetation. Seen from the

railway, it is truly poetical and dreamy looking, a sort of spot where tired-out persons would delight to pitch their tents, if, indeed, they did not prefer to have nothing between them and such lovely skies and mountains. After Lugano the railway descends, and before Bellinzona, passes under the Castle of Loizzo, situated picturesquely on the top of an elevation dominating the surrounding country. This castle is one of three that in former times kept guard over this spot, which was considered the most important between Lombardy and Germany. The valley of the Ticino is beautiful, and also fertile, and in many places has grapevines and chestnut-trees. The most interesting part of our journey now began, and combined the curiosity of the construction of the railroad with the high, snow-covered mountains, their valleys and gorges bright with sparkling waterfalls.

At Goschenen we stayed twenty minutes for luncheon, and then went forward, and still had most beautiful views. This line has innumerable bridges and viaducts spanning gorges and valleys, thus affording an unimpeded view in many places on both sides, which fair weather and sunshine enabled us, luckily, to see well.

After we reached Amsteg, about twenty miles from Goschenen, the beauty of the day was gone, and we did not see the sun again until we left Switzerland. As we went down lower towards Luzerne, the sky was heavier and heavier, and had a most depressing effect on our spirits, and made us feel as if we had come down from the Elysian fields into the shades below. Luzerne itself was in the deepest winter garb, and nothing was visible but the town and the lake, not even the speck of a shadow of a mountain. The hotels were deserted, the shops closed, and the famous "Lion of Luzerne," sculp-

Luzerne.

tured by Thorwaldsen, in remembrance of the bravery of the Swiss guard of the Tuileries in 1792, was covered up with matting. Few people who have seen Luzerne at its best in summer can imagine what a transformation it undergoes in winter. Instead of an outlook whose beauty defies description, and the changing light on mountain top and on the quivering lake aglow with color, there was nothing but dull, lifeless water, and beyond an absolute blank. The heavy, foggy, freezing atmosphere clasped us tight, and left us no power—even for shivering. We were told Luzerne is for weeks like this, and only on rare occasions at this time of year is the sun visible. We came to the conclusion that a similar land must have given rise to all the German ideas of a long sleep and a grand awakening that come out in their stories. When we left Luzerne, on our way to Schaffhausen, the aspect of the country was just the same, and nothing was visible above a slight elevation from the ground. There was no ice on the Lake of Luzerne, but many of the small pieces of water in the neighborhood and along the railway were frozen hard and covered with skaters.

Soon after we left Schaffhausen the natural sky came back, and on our arrival at Stuttgart we found a spell of remarkably pleasant weather, which made us believe spring was at hand, and fully reconciled us to coming north so early.

MILDRED RUSSELL.

FROM HEIDELBERG TO COLOGNE.

COLOGNE, *April*, 1886.

A satisfactory ruin.

ON arriving at Heidelberg, we rushed off at once to see the celebrated castle. It is a satisfactory sort of ruin, as one might say, in many respects, and enough is left to give a really clear idea to the most unimaginative mind of its past magnificence as a palace, as well as its strength as a fortress. It is one of the places that greatly surpass expectation, and its history must be a mine of romance and poetry for those who have time to explore it thoroughly.

We had always understood that the castle was on a hill, but the exact kind of a hill was never adequately represented to us. It is almost perpendicular, the part on which the castle stands being a hundred metres above the Neckar. The walking-up path is very steep, and as the inquirer is told the castle is quite close to the hotel,—as, indeed, he can see for himself,—he starts up the ascent vigorously, but has to take breath long before he has sighted the top. This steep ascent is made up the side on which the fortifications were, so that there is nothing especially to be seen until the first terrace is reached, when the beauty of the scenery comes in. Passing in and out, under archways and past walls of mediæval thickness, we arrive at the main court, around which the principal buildings stand, and at once comprehend the Germans' pride in the remnants of the greatest *renaissance* palace in their country. Very enthusiastic Germans declare it to be the greatest *renaissance* building north of the Alps; at any rate, it must have been a grand palace at its best.

The several buildings forming the castle are of different

periods of architecture, ranging from 1296 to 1620, and were erected according to the needs of the reigning elector, joined to the possession of adequate funds. These separate wings, thus built at periods spreading over three hundred years, form an irregular palace, but nothing in them jars the harmony uniting the early, simple, yet grand and massive Gothic style with the elegance of the high *renaissance* and the elaborately decorated rococo.

Frederick V. paid great attention to the gardens and grounds around the castle, and planted many rare trees in them. At present they are laid out in terraced and sloping walks, open at all times to the public, and are usually a much-appreciated resort.

Heidelberg is a romantic and imposing ruin, near enough to modern times in the plan of its construction to take strong hold on the sympathies of to-day. It has not the incomprehensibility about it that the Roman ruins have; for, if restored to its entirety, it might serve perfectly well for the wants of a prince and his suite of to-day. It is situated in a lovely country, and the Neckar flows so close beneath it, that it only leaves a narrow strip of ground, on which the town stretches itself along. In perilous days the citizens shared the fate of the lords of the castle, and were driven out homeless during the Orleans War, at the end of the seventeenth century. All the castles along the Rhine shared the same fate as Heidelberg. As far as they are concerned, it is probably a good thing, because they were so near to each other that the temptation to fight continuously was irresistible.

The interesting points of history connected with the Rhine towns begin with their foundation by the Romans, and pass through their conversion to Christianity and their progress in modern learning.

From Heidelberg we went to the cities of Speyer, Worms, and Mainz, to see the three cathedrals that are typical of the beauty that the Romanesque, or round-arched style, which preceded the Gothic in the north, can attain. The cathedrals have been more or less restored in their original style, and are extremely interesting; but the towns, though rebuilt, have little but their associations to attract foreigners.

The castled Rhine.

From Mainz we made an interesting expedition on a steamboat down the Rhine as far as Cologne. The accommodation on the boat was not what the least exacting would call good. It was just bearable; but, as it lasted only seven hours, we agreed not to groan too much over it. Every step of the ground along our route is of historical or legendary note, some incidents dating from remote times, but some being of decidedly modern invention and growth. The whole length of the Rhine is historic, but this stretch may be said to have history built into it; for the many dilapidated castles that still crowd thickly on each other along both banks have centuries of warlike deeds to relate, and, like the odor of roses in the minstrel's vase, they remain to give more than a faint inkling of what went on in times past. These castles were built at an epoch when foes were accustomed to grapple at close quarters, and the short distance between these strongholds is very striking in these days of long shots. I should not wonder if the next generation of sight-seers take to believing the castles have been set up as imaginary historic objects, suitable to attract the admiration of gullible tourists. Fancy seeing your deadliest enemy every day only just outside of bow-shot,—you must naturally wish to use him for a target. It was scarcely likely the neighboring castles were on terms of friendship for more than twenty-four hours at once, from the look of things;

for all sacrifice everything to defence and resisting-power. Many of the castles have been restored, and there is a strange fascination about them which is enhanced by their following each other in quick succession.

MILDRED RUSSELL.

COLOGNE TO AMSTERDAM.

AMSTERDAM, *April*, 1886.

At Cologne we left the Rhine boat, and found we had arrived in a town that complained less than those we had left of having suffered from devastation at the hands of the French two hundred years ago; still, it claims to have been the victim of a certain amount of vandalism in the past. "Bones" and the cathedral, however, are the most cherished possessions of the town, and absorb its deepest affections. As to the former, the outsider wonders what can be the use of hoarding them up; but as to the latter, there can only be unfeigned admiration. The cathedral is pure Gothic, and therefore entirely different in style from the three we saw lately at Speyer, Worms, and Mainz.

Its greatest beauty is, perhaps, the towers of the west façade, which rise tapering from the ground, and become imperceptibly slighter as they ascend to over four hundred feet. This gradual tapering is much increased in delicacy of effect by innumerable little pinnacles that spring up all round and give a certain airiness to it. Seen from the square the whole façade is very beautiful. The pillars in the interior are slight in comparison with their height, and their number, fifty-six, is less striking than the imposing extent of space they stand in. This cathedral has many works of art in .

The Church of St. Ursula is said to contain the bones of seven thousand out of the eleven thousand maidens who were martyred with this British Princess, and the walls are lined with them, holes being made in the plaster to show how regularly they are piled up and their indisputable abundance. The legend of St. Ursula has afforded many of the old artists a theme, and in the museum here, as well as in Italy, are series of pictures recording various episodes in her life.

Many other churches of supreme interest in architecture are in Cologne, and are well worthy of a study. That dedicated to St. Gereon and his Theban legion is of mixed Romanesque and Gothic, and is said to have owed its foundation to Helena, the mother of Constantine. In the crypt is a Mosaic floor of the tenth century lately repaired, and thought to have been originally the work of Italians.

The body of the church is decorated with coffins and more bones of the martyrs, and the choir, with the skulls placed under gilded arabesque ornaments, which is a repulsive and profane sight, though meant to be deeply religious. Cologne is a busy, thriving town now, and all over it reminiscences of past importance crop up, the museum having paintings and sculptures that illustrate its long history. Many objects contemporary with the Roman domination are shown; altars to Jupiter and other gods, a fine Mosaic floor, with the busts of Greek philosophers and poets on it, a really beautiful piece of work; and an excellent collection of early German paintings.

We left the region of the Rhine at Cologne. Taking a southwesterly direction, we went by train to Aix-la-Chapelle, an old town that existed in pre-Roman times. Under the Romans themselves it was a celebrated watering

place. Remnants of their baths have been discovered, and people still go to it to drink the sulphur waters abundant at various temperatures. The hotels have the usual appearance of those fitted up for pleasure and health-seekers, and attractive gardens and grounds are to be found both in and out of the town.

After leaving Aix-la-Chapelle, we went through the prettiest part of Belgium, and stayed at Liege a few days.

From Liege we started for Amsterdam, and soon came to the flat country characteristic of Holland, and at Bois-le-Duc we saw the marshes so flooded that the town looked like an island. The next place of mark was Utrecht, and soon afterwards we reached Amsterdam.

MILDRED RUSSELL.

AMSTERDAM TO ANTWERP.

ANTWERP, *April*, 1887.

OUR tour through Holland gave us a good deal of pleasure, as well as some vexation. The hotels are more expensive, when what is had is taken into consideration, than any others with which we had made acquaintance in the parts of Europe we had visited, and the small sums of money continually given for slight services rendered have to be double those given elsewhere. Fortunately, Holland is very small; so the traveller's annoyances do not last long, and the country is so different from others that the novelty of the sights keeps him from dwelling long on disagreeable things. The flatness of Holland is one of its most striking features, the dykes that keep the sea out being scarcely discernible in the landscape.

Amsterdam. Amsterdam, the chief port and seat of trade, is a large and wealthy town, and is built entirely on piles driven into the soil, the unstable nature of the surface rendering this proceeding necessary.

The streets run each side of the canals, and in many instances are bordered with trees, so that houses and trees and ships are mixed up together in all kinds of unexpected ways. Amsterdam itself is somewhat like a northern Venice - that is to say, the canals intersect the city at every point; but the strong, practical, methodical North is everywhere obtrusive, and the likeness to the graceful, careless, charming South is but momentary. The most characteristic costumes of the women are only seen out of the cities, but the quaint head-dresses of white muslin, attached to the head with twirling gold pins, are common at every turn. The latter always look perfectly fresh, and as if just out of the hands of the laundress; and this astonished us in such a damp climate.

The churches are fairly good in point of design, but the interiors are so choked up with high pews that it is scarcely possible to see across them, and the exterior walls are almost hidden by the houses that are built up against them.

Charities. For centuries the Dutch have been noted for their charitable institutions, especially for those for the bringing up and education of the young. One Sunday we saw several charity schools in church Some of the girls wore scarlet dresses, black aprons and tippets, and white caps that fitted the head closely; others had black dresses, with scarlet and white aprons and white caps. The girls wore the caps instead of bonnets, and reminded us of the heroines in the play, "The Orphans."

Amsterdam is remarkably clean, as, indeed, most of the Dutch towns are, though whether the end justifies the ex-

cess of the means, I hesitate to say. The whole of Holland, when we were there, was being thoroughly cleansed, inside and out, with mops and brooms and scrubbing-brushes, paint-pots, ladders, and every conceivable article that could be pressed into the service. The hotels, sidewalks, picture-galleries, churches, in fact everything, was being cleaned, and every corner and staircase and doorway that could afford a refuge for house-cleaning implements was cluttered up with them, so that it was very difficult to escape them, and very easy for the heedless to tumble over them. Cleaning claims a right of precedence almost royal. In some picture-galleries the copyist crowds out the sight-seer, but in Holland it is the cleaner, who, with a long-handled brush, drives him backwards and forwards as he gives an added polish to the already spotlessly clean and dangerously slippery floor.

Dutch art.

Dutch art, consisting principally of easel pictures, portraits predominating, is as distinctive as Italian, and fully repays the trouble and expense of a tour to see it in its native country. It would be impossible for any one to say, with justice, that the best Dutch portraits are far inferior in merit of execution to the Italian ones, but they are certainly inferior in beauty, especially in the women. There is either a severe seriousness in them, or else a rollicking dash about them that prevents them rising in effect to the level of the graceful and high-bred Italian ones. Innumerable landscapes reproduce the peculiar charm of the Dutch sky and atmosphere and quiet country life.

The finest picture in the National Museum in Amsterdam is "The Night Watch," by Rembrandt. It represents a captain of arquebusiers and his men leaving the corporation house, and has all Rembrandt's strong effects of light

and shade without exaggeration. Amsterdam was Rembrandt's birthplace, and also his home for many years, and here his best portraits are to be seen—viz., "Burgomaster Six and his Mother," still in possession of descendants of the family, for whom they were painted.

It is difficult to realize how small Holland is till one travels through it.

Haarlem. Haarlem, the next town we visited, is but a few minutes from Amsterdam by rail, and has a decided stamp of its own. It is also a trading city, though much less busy than Amsterdam. It has pleasant parks and drives, and houses with every conceivable kind of gable in the old-fashioned streets and along the canals. The organ in the cathedral is one of the most celebrated in Europe, and is very powerful. We heard a symphony played on it that brought out the *vox humana* remarkably well.

Franz Hals, a contemporary of Rembrandt, whose fame rests on his portraits of men, was a native of Haarlem, and his best works, consisting of several large groups of military officers and men, are still in the town hall. The individual characters and expressions are wonderfully brought out, and the dash and spirit of the scenes well rendered. No one can doubt that these sets of friends and companions are equally ready for fighting or revelling at a moment's notice.

Our next stopping-place was The Hague, the capital, though not the largest town, of Holland, a charming place of medium size. It has a central park, of moderate dimensions, and, outside the town, woods and drives of considerable extent. Many of the canals are bordered with fine trees, and the public buildings are distinctive in character. A double square, resembling two courts, is surrounded by

houses, where many of the important events in Dutch history have taken place, and such a look of the past clings round them still that one can easily conjure up the scenes. Scheveningen, a sea-side resort within two miles of The Hague, and connected with it by means of a tramway, has a wide, sandy beach and good hotels, a casino and restaurants, where the residents of The Hague go in crowds on warm summer evenings.

The museum contains many fine paintings, and is an excellent collection for the study of Dutch art, as it embraces examples of most of the well-known painters. The two pictures with the widest spread fame are the "Anatomy Lesson" of Rembrandt and the cattle piece of Paul Potter, though it is, perhaps, hardly fair to class them together.

In the "Anatomy Lesson," the professor is demonstrating to the seven other surgeons around him the anatomy of the arm. The picture is really a group of portraits of a staff of surgeons, and was painted for their corporation hall. The faces of the men are remarkably intelligent, and there is an absence of everything repulsive that is usually prominent in copies of this picture. The living men are evidently intent, in thoughtful fashion, on the scientific work, and the poor dead one is stretched out, and looks as if he were, even bodily, removed worlds away from the fellow-mortals round him. One can hardly imagine a stronger picture of the difference between the presence and absence of the soul, and of how absolutely a mere husk the body is after the soul has left it. In the same gallery are numberless interiors, reproducing Dutch life in the inn or the cottage home, many landscapes and portraits. The two wives of Rubens—Isabella Brandt and Helen Fourmont—are handsome women, and more refined in their actual portraits

than in many of the pictures where they were ceaselessly introduced by their husband.

Delft. After leaving The Hague on our way south, we spent a few hours in seeing the town of Delft, once celebrated for its china. Now it is a bright, picturesque town, where canals and lazy sail-boats, masts, rigging, gabled houses and windmills combine and dissolve and re-arrange themselves into all kinds of grouping suitable for painting. There is no need for painters to study composition here; every turn seems to bring up something ready to begin on.

Rotterdam, our next stopping-place, has a decidedly bourgeois and thriving appearance, the houses being large and solid, and the public buildings substantial. It is second only to Amsterdam as a port. The town itself is decidedly more prosaic to the eyes of the traveller than most other Dutch towns. Here the canal-bordered streets lose their attractiveness, and the ships, crowded together, need the sea-breezes to make them anything else but a mass of inert-looking wood and ropes We were glad to get away to Dordtrecht, where we arrived an hour before sundown, and found an "American" circus had congregated the country people on the open space near the station. It was not an animated crowd, but all in a phlegmatic sort of way seemed to be having a good time.

Captivating landscape. On reaching our hotel in the town, about a mile-and-a-half distant, we had an opportunity of seeing a Dutch landscape that fairly captivated us, and that was an exact counterpart of many pictures we had seen. A flood of light turned the green marshes into gold, that spread far away to the distant horizon, and was bordered by a slight ridge of trees and houses that had dwindled down to an irregular line. The river Merwede, respectably broad at this point, was studded with

small, ideally sluggish sails, and a group of more pretentious craft was anchored below our windows, and formed inextricable clusters of masts and rigging. Then the ubiquitous windmill, with defiant, restless arms popping up behind the low, red-tiled gabled roofs and motionless trees; and the Dutch atmosphere round it all—the deep blue of the sky and the silvery whiteness of the fleecy clouds. We thought this same atmosphere much more agreeable to look at than to breathe; for through all our stay in Holland, it went through us like a double-edged saw, that lacked every artistic or pleasurable element. Dordtrecht is a continued succession of picturesque bits, and seems as if it had been growing and developing for years in that direction. In some spots the houses go straight down into the canals, and cast various reflections on the water with a force suggestive of Venetian coloring.

A sleepy town.

There is more repose at Dordtrecht than in any northern town we saw, but it was rather the repose of sleepiness and sluggishness than of southern enjoyment. The milk-women carried their huge, shining brass and copper jars with the solemnity of a biblical print, and the sailors lounged away their leisure with an air of endurance that betokened a capability of going stoically through the worst evils that could meet them.

The Dutch language is a nuisance to the traveller, because he never gives a thought to it till he is in Holland. Then it sounds so much like German that he is deluded into believing that he may make German do duty for it. Sometimes he can, and sometimes he cannot; and under the latter circumstances he is apt to be exasperated. It seems a haphazard sort of arrangement, due to the close kinship of the two languages, which prevents them always agreeing on every point. The educated classes in Hol-

land are, in general, good linguists, for, as so few foreigners speak Dutch, it is an absolute necessity for them to learn other languages.

Having succeeded in getting down stairs and out of our hotel, through pails and brooms and scrubbing-maids, we spent our last few hours in Dordtrecht wandering up and down and amusing ourselves in finding out subjects and objects for pictures that would fascinate other people if transferred to canvas, as the realities charmed us. Then we started by train, and arrived safely at Antwerp.

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